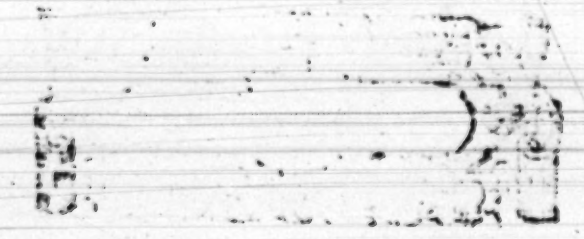
A Pilgrimes Solace.

Wherein is contained Muſicall
Harmonie of 3. 4. and 5. parts, to be
ſung and plaid with the Lute
and Viols.

By *John Douland*, Batchelor of Muſicke in
both the Vniuerſities: and Luteniſt to the
Right Honourable the
Lord Walden.

LONDON:
Printed for *M. L. J. B.* and *T. S.*
by the Aſſignment of
William Barley.



TO THE RIHGT HOnorable,

THEOPHILVS, LORD VVALDEN, SONNE AND HEIRE TO THE MOST NOBLE, *THOMAS*, BARON OF WALDEN, EARLE OF SVFFOLKE, LORD CHAMBERLAINE OF HIS MAIESTIES HOVSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Maiesties most Honourable *Priuie Counsell.*

Most Honoured Lord:

AS to excell in any qualitie is very rare, so is it a hard thing to finde out those that fauour Vertue and Learning; but such being found, men of Iudgment are drawne (I know not by what Sympathie) to loue and Honor them, as the Saints and Soueraignes of their affections and deuices: wherefore (most Worthy Lord) your Honor being of all men noted (as natural borne heire of your most Renowned father and mother) to be the onely and alone Supporter of goodnes and excellencie, knowne to none better (vnles I should be the most vngratefull of all others) then my selfe, who am held vp onely by your gratious hand; for which I can shew no other meanes of thankfulnes then these simple fruits of my poore endeauors which I most humbly present as a publike pledge from a true and deuoted heart, hoping hereafter to performe something, wherein I shall shew my selfe more worthy of your Honorable seruice. In the meane time you shall haue a poore mans praiers for your Lordships continuall health and dayly increase of Honor.

Your Honours

bumble seruant

IOHN DOVLAND.

TO THE READER.

WOrthy Gentlemen, and my louing Countrymen; mooued by your many and fore-tasted courtesies, I am constrained to appeare againe vnto you. True it is, I haue lien long obscured from your sight, because I receiued a Kingly entertainment in a forraine climate, which could not attaine to any (though neuer so meane) place at home, yet haue I held vp my head within this Horizon, and not altogether beene vnaffected elsewhere. Since some part of my poore labours haue found fauour in the greatest part of Europes, and beene printed in eight most famous Cities beyond the Seas. *viz: Paris, Antwerpe, Collein, Nurenburge, Franckfort, Liepsig, Amsterdam*, and *Hamburge*: (yea and some of them also authorized vnder the Emperours royall priuiledge,) yet I must tell you, as I haue beene a stranger; so haue I againe found strange entertainment since my returne; especially by the opposition of two sorts of people that shroude themselues vnder the title of Musitians. The first are some simple Cantors, or vocall singers, who though they seeme excellent in their blinde Diuision-making, are meerely ignorant, euen in the first elements of Musicke, and also in the true order of the mutation of the *Hexachord* in the *Systeme*, (which hath ben approued by all the learned and skilfull men of Christendome, this 800 yeeres,) yet doe these fellowes giue their verdict of me behinde my backe, and say, what I doe is after the old manner: but I will speake openly to them, and would haue them know that the proudest Cantor of them, dares not oppose himselfe face to face against me. The second are young men, professors of the Lute, who vaunt themselues, to the disparagement of such as haue beene before their time, (wherein I my selfe am a party) that there neuer was the like of them. To these men I say little, because of my loue and hope to see some deedes ensue their braue wordes, and also being that here vnder their owne noses hath beene published a Booke in defence of the Viol de Gamba, wherein not onely all other the best and principall Instruments haue beene abased, but especially the Lute by name, the words, to satisfie thee Reader I haue here thought good to insert, and are as followeth: *From henceforth, the statefull Instrument Gambo Violl, shall with ease yeeld full various, and deuicefull Musicke as the Lute: for here I protest the Trinitie of Musicke, Parts, Passion, and Deuision, to be as gracefully vnited in the Gambo Viol, as in the most receiued Instrument that is, &c.* Which Imputation, me thinkes, the learneder sort of Musitians ought not to let passe vnanswered. Moreouer that here are and daily doth come into our most famous kingdome, diuers strangers from beyond the seas, which auerre before our owne faces, that we haue no true methode of application or fingering of the Lute. Now if these gallant yong Lutenists be such as they would haue the world beleeue, and of which I make no doubt, let them remember that their skill lyeth not in their fingers endes: *Cucullus non facit Monachum.* I wish for the Honor therfore and generall benefit of our Countrie, that they vndertake the defence of their Lute profession, seeing that some of them aboue other, haue most large meanes, conuenient time, and such encouragement as I neuer knew any haue, beleeue me if any of these obiections had beene made when those famous men liued which now are thought worthy of no fame, not derogating from these skillfull men present; I dare affirme that these obiections had beene answered to the full, and I make no doubt but that those few of the former time which liue yet, being that some of them are Batchelors of Musicke, and others which assume vnto themselues to be no lesse worthy, wilbe as forward to preserue their reputation. Perhaps you will aske me, why I that haue trauailed many countries, and ought to haue some experience, doth not vnder goe this busines my selfe? I answere that I want abilitie, being I am now entered into the fiftieth yeare of mine age: secondly because I want both meanes, leasure, and encouragement. But (Gentle Reader to conclude, although abruptly) this worke of mine, which I here haue published, containeth such things as I my selfe haue thought well of, as being in mine opinion furnished with varietie of matter both of Iudgement and delight, which willingly I referre to the friendly censure, and approbation of the skilfull: hoping it will be no lesse delightfull to all in generall, then it was pleasing to me in the composition. *Farewell.*

Your friend
Iohn Douland.

THE TABLE.

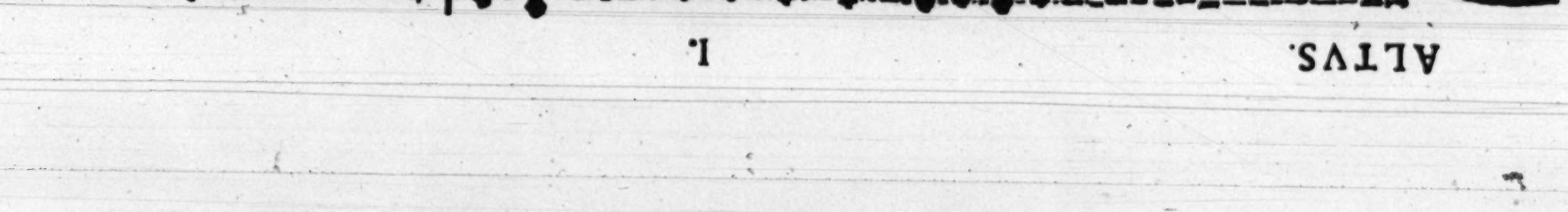
DIſdaine me ſtill, that I may euer loue. I
Sweete ſtay a while, why will you? II
To aske for all thy loue. III
Loue thoſe beames that breede: IIII
Shall I ſtriue with wordes to moue. V
VVere euery thought an eye. VI
Stay time a while thy flying. VII
Tell me true Loue. VIII
Goe nightly, cares the enemy to reſt. IX
From ſilent night, true regiſter of moanes. X
Laſſo vita mia, mi fa morire. *XI*
In this trembling ſhadow. XII
If that a Sinners ſighes be Angels food. XIII
Thou mighty God ; 1. *part.* XIIII
VVhen *Dauids* life by *Saul.* 2. *part.* XV
VVhen the poore Cripple. 3. *part.* XVI
VVhere Sinne ſore wounding. XVII
My heart and tongue were twinnes. XVIII
Vp merry Mates, to *Neptunes* praiſe. XIX
VVelcome blacke night. XX
Ceaſe theſe falſe ſports. XXI
A Galliard to *Lachrimæ.* XXII

FINIS.

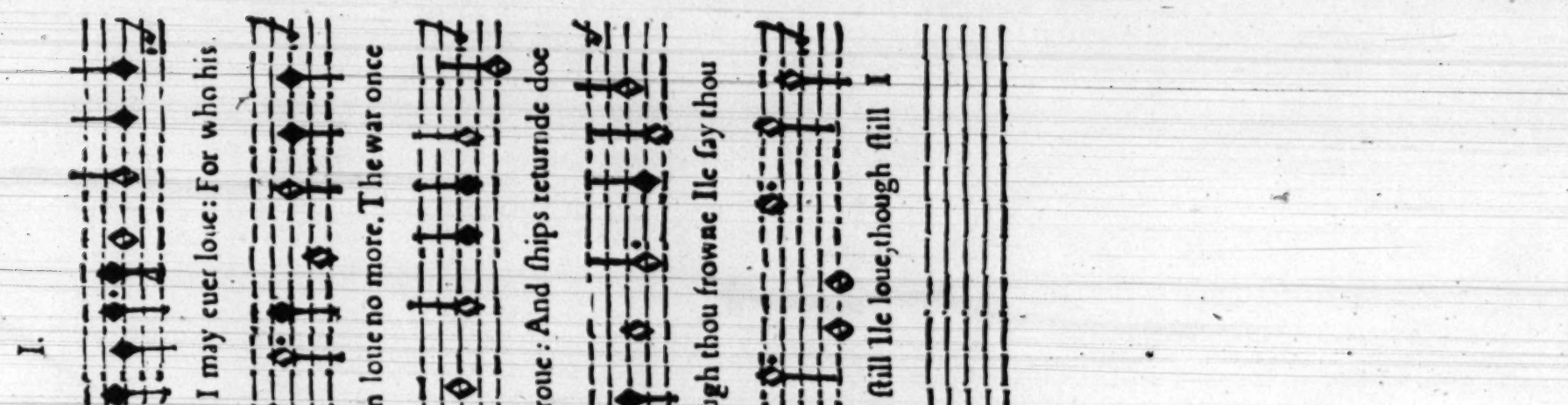
D Iſdaine me ſtill, that I may e- uer loue, For who his Loue inioyes, can loue,
can loue no more. The warre once paſt with eaſe men co- wards proue: And ſhips returnde, doe rot vp-
pon the ſhore. And though thou frowne, Ile ſay thou art moſt faire, moſt faire:
And ſtill Ile loue, and ſtill Ile loue, Ile loue, though ſtill, though ſtill I muſt de- ſpayre.

As heate to life ſo is deſire to loue,
and theſe once quencht both life and loue are gone.
Let not thy ſighes nor teares thy vertue moue,
like baſer mettals doe not melt too ſoone.
Laugh at my woes although I euer mourne,
Loue ſurfets with reward, his nurſe is ſcorne.

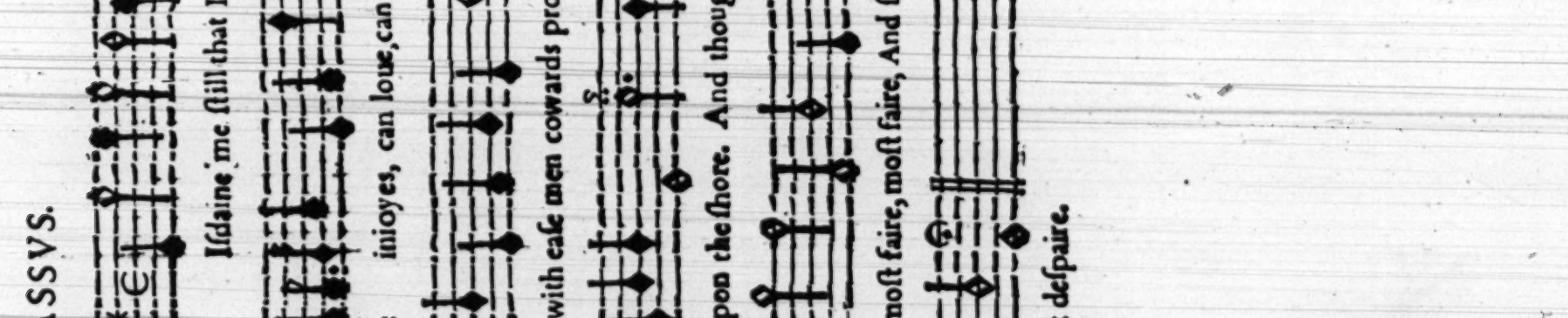
ALTVS. I.



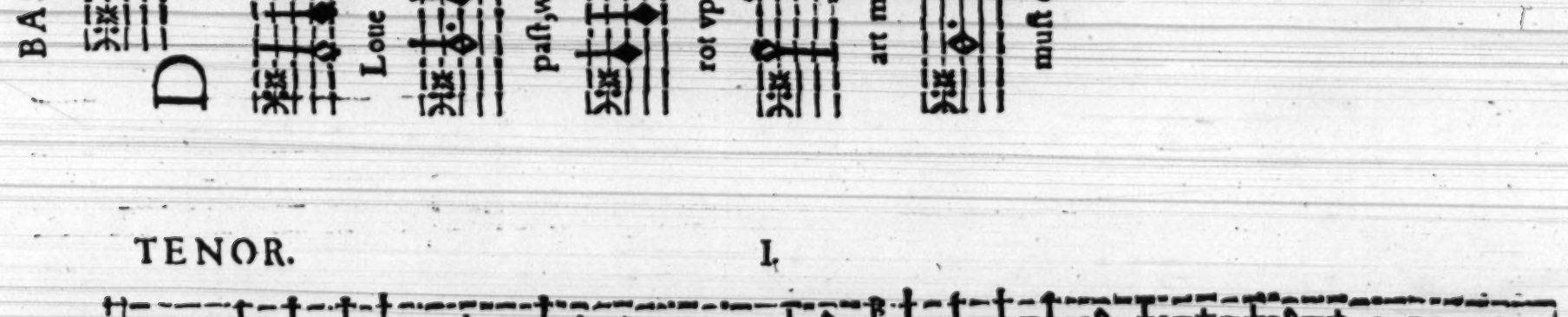
Idaine me ſtill that I may euer loue : For who his Loue enioyes can loue, can loue no more.



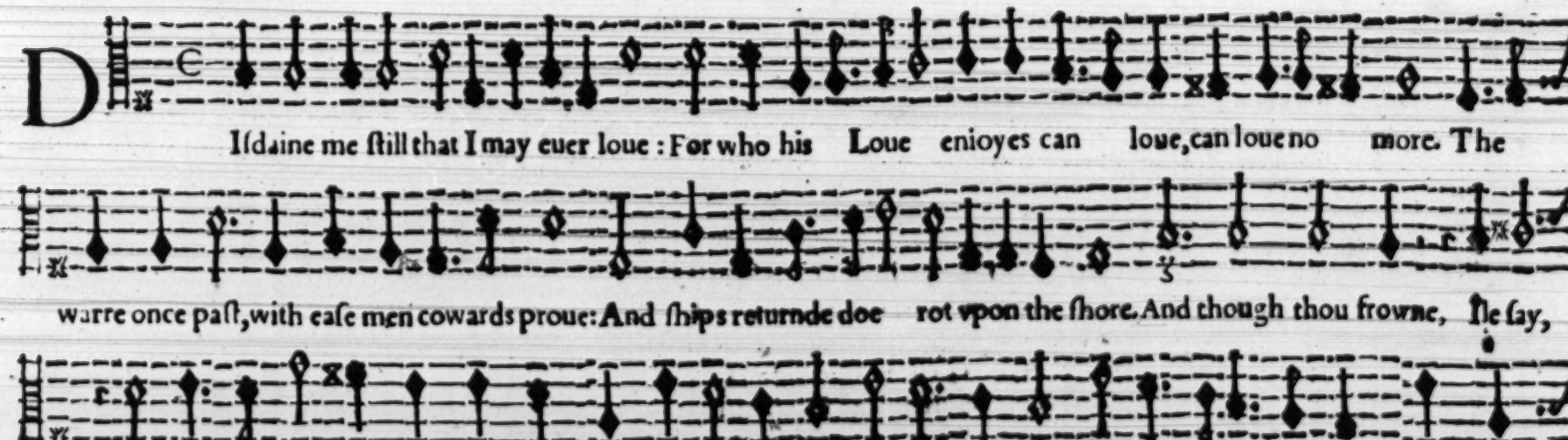
The warre once paſt, with eaſe men cowards proue : And ſhips returnde doe rot vpon the ſhore. And though thou frowne, Ile ſay thou



frowne, thou frowne, Ile ſay thou art moſt faire, moſt faire, And ſtill Ile loue, Ile loue though ſtill I muſt deſpayre.



BASSVS. I.



Idaine me ſtill that I may euer loue: For who his Loue enioyes, can loue, can loue no more. The warre once paſt, with eaſe men cowards proue: And ſhips returnde doe rot vpon the ſhore. And though thou frowne, Ile ſay thou art moſt faire, moſt faire, And ſtill Ile loue, though ſtill I muſt deſpaire.

TENOR. I.

Idaine me ſtill that I may euer loue : For who his Loue enioyes can loue, can loue no more. The warre once paſt, with eaſe men cowards proue: And ſhips returnde doe rot vpon the ſhore. And though thou frowne, Ile ſay, Ile ſay, thou art moſt faire, moſt faire, And ſtill Ile loue, and ſtill Ile loue, and ſtill Ile loue, Ile loue, though ſtill, ſtill I muſt deſpayre, de- ſpayre.

Weet ſtay a while, why will you rife? The light you ſee comes from your eyes:

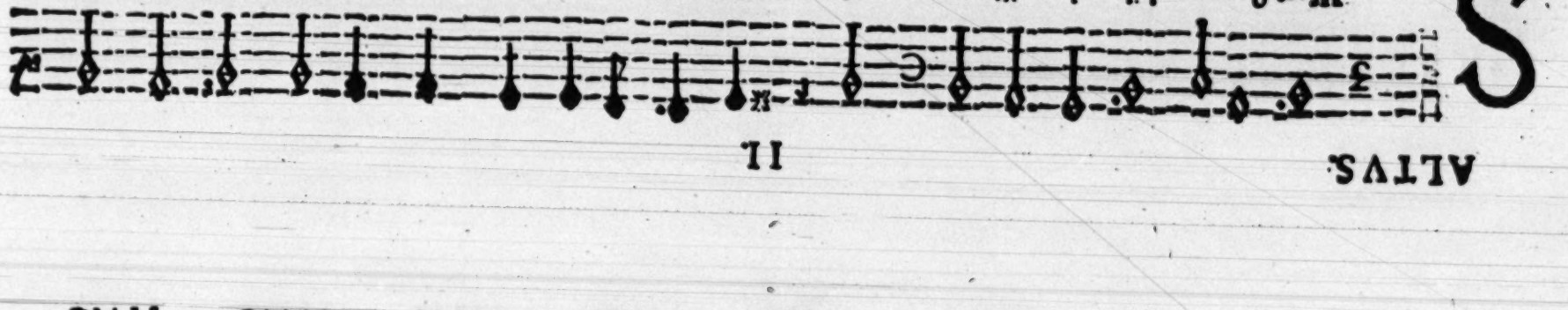
The day breakes not, it is my heart, To thinke that you and I muſt part.

O ſtay, O ſtay, or elſe my ioyes, my ioyes, my ioyes muſt dye, And peri ſh

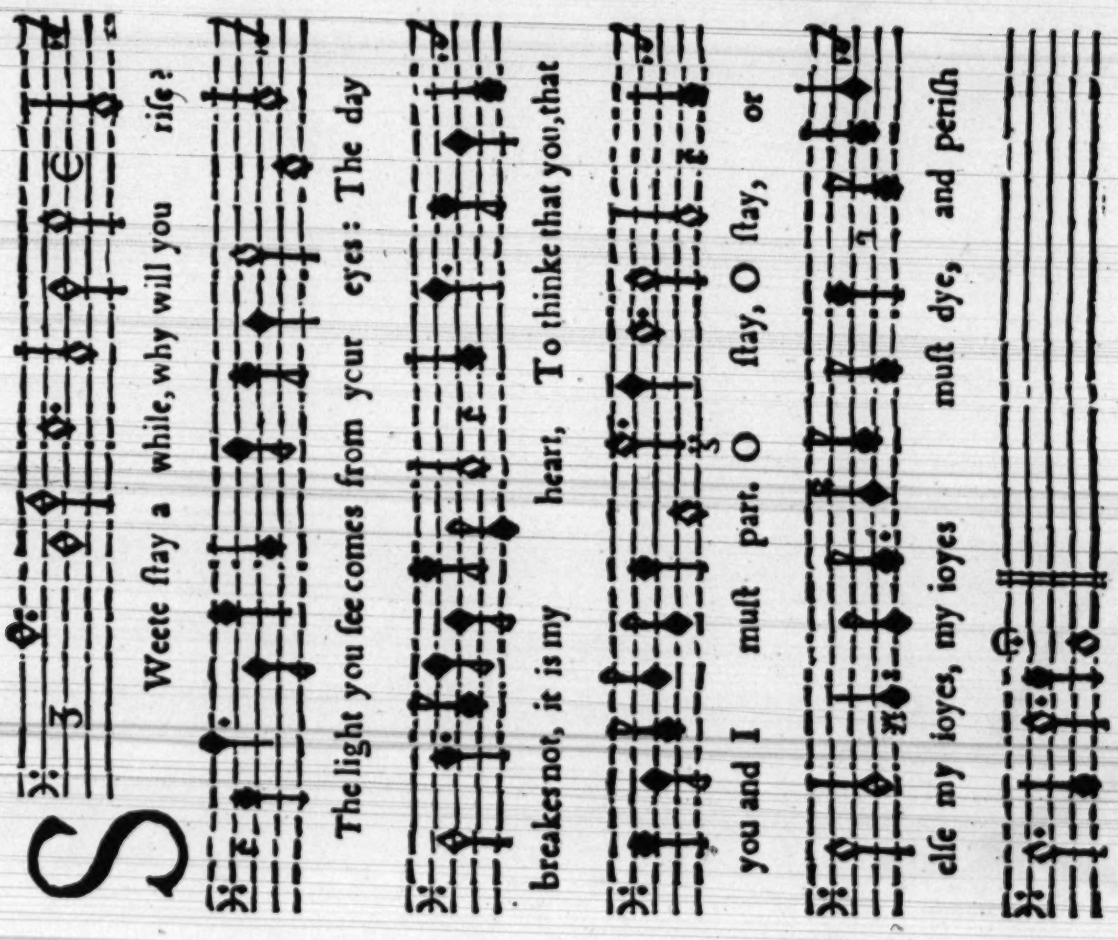
in their in-fan- cie.

Deare let me dye in this faire breaſt,
Farre ſweeter then the Phœnix neſt.
Loue raiſe deſire by his ſweete charmes
Within this circle of thine armes:
And let thy bliſſefull kiſſes cheriſh
Mine infant ioyes, that elſe muſt periſh.

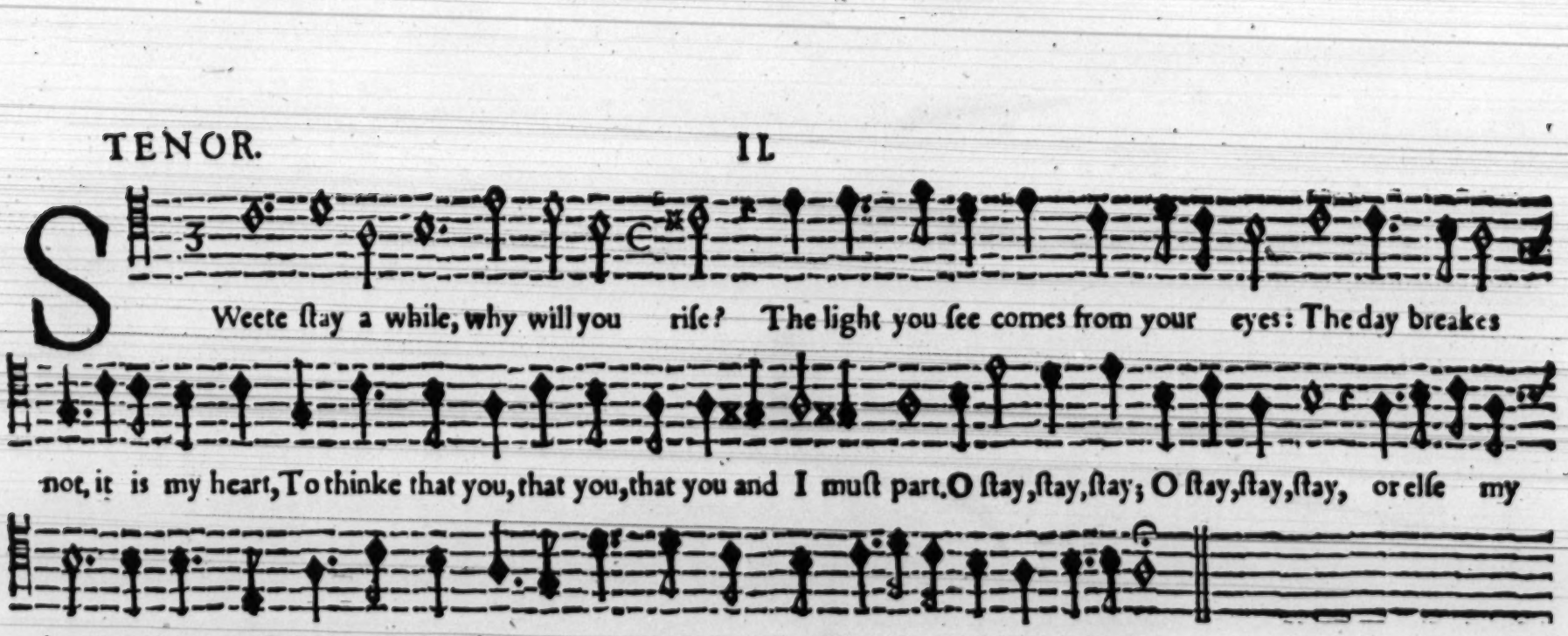
ALTVS. II.

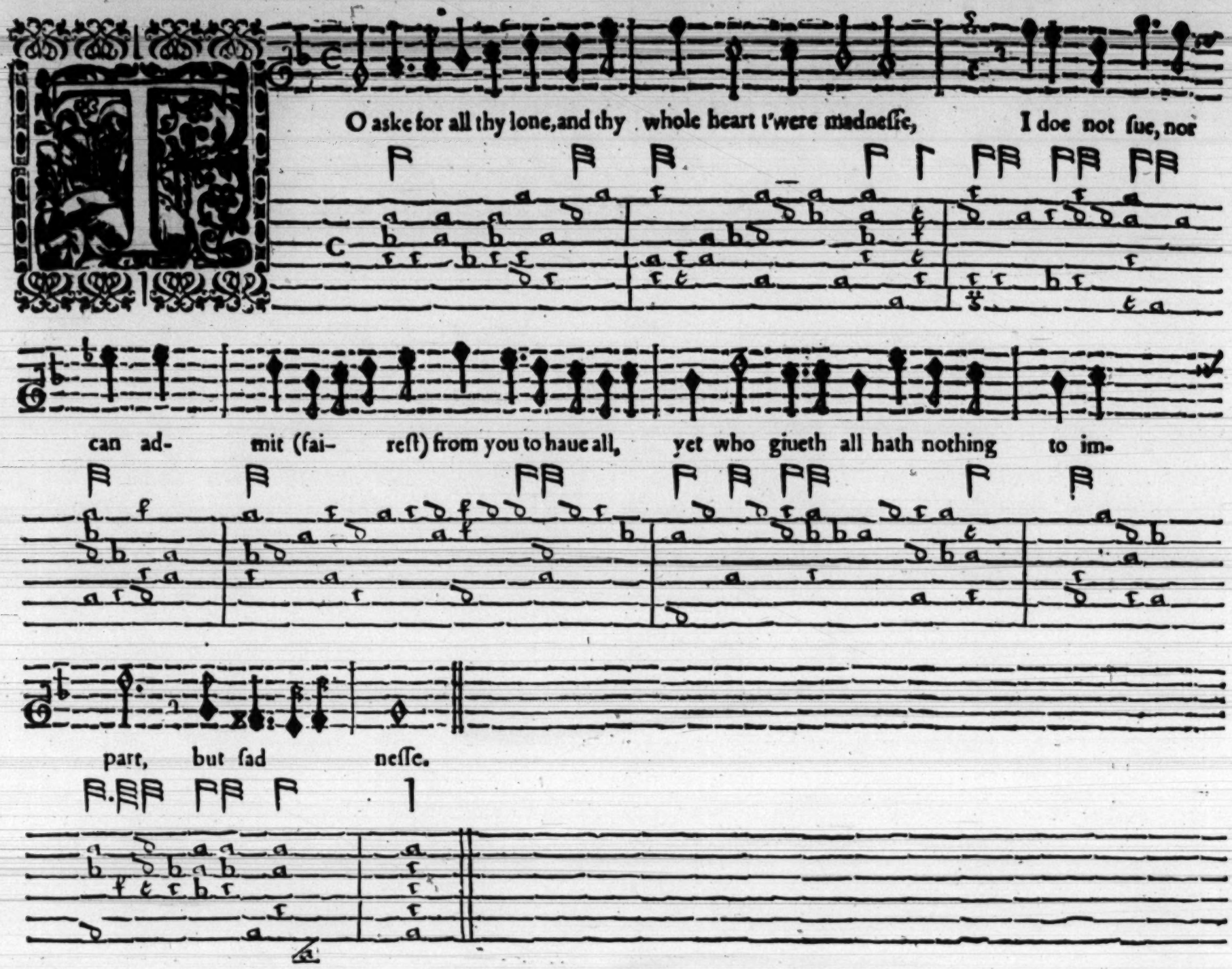


BAS SVS. II.



TENOR. II.



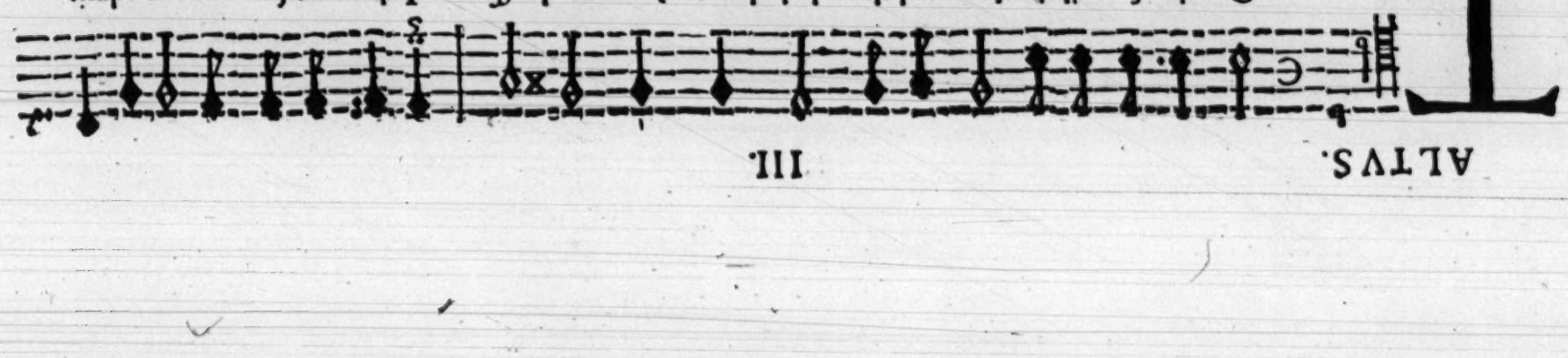


He that receiueth all, can haue no more
then ſeeing.
My Loue by length
of euery houre,
Gathers new ſtrength,
new growth, new flower.
You muſt haue daily new rewards in ſtore,
ſtill being.

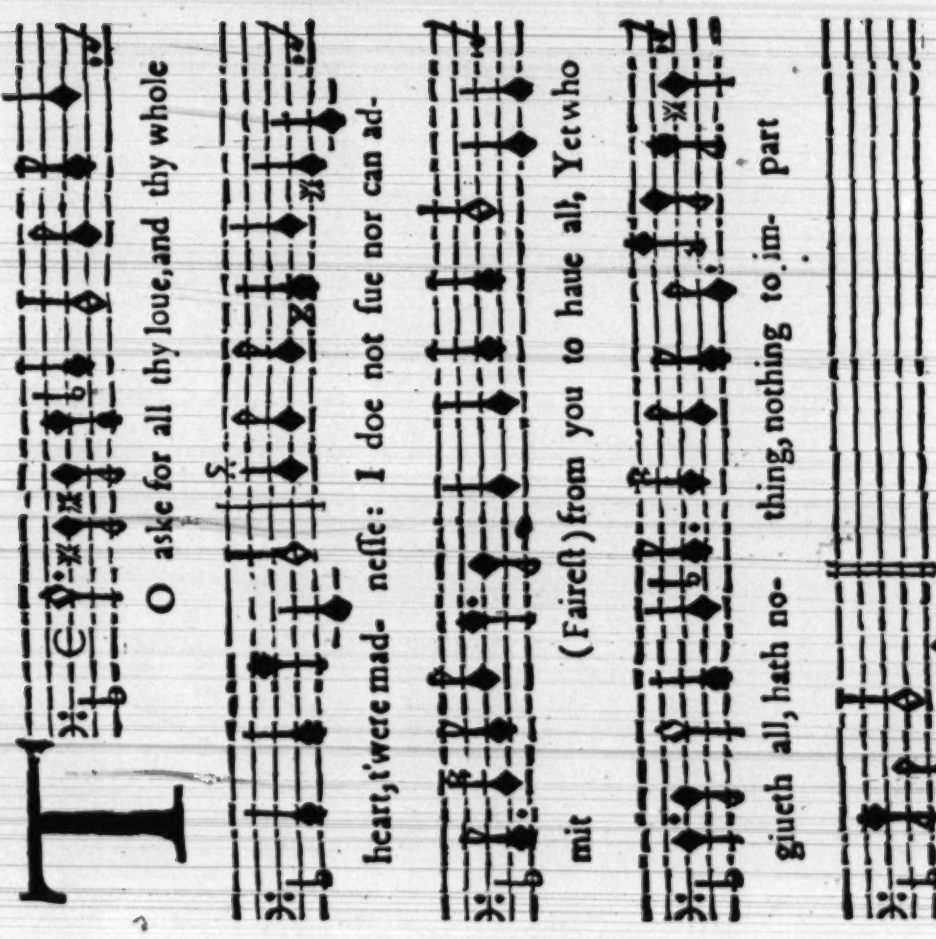
You cannot euery day giue me your heart
for merit:
Yet if you will,
when yours doth goe,
You ſhall haue ſtill
one to beſtow:
For you ſhall mine when yours doth part
inherit.

Yet if you pleaſe, Ile finde a better way,
then change them:
For ſo alone
deareſt we ſhall
Be one and one,
anothers all.
Let vs ſo ioyne our hearts that nothing may
eſtrange them.

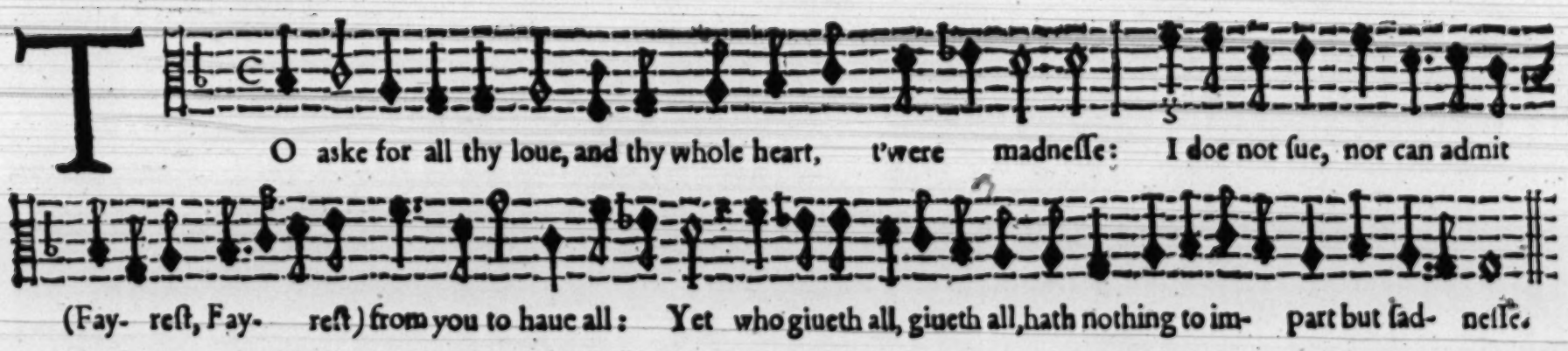
ALTVS. III.

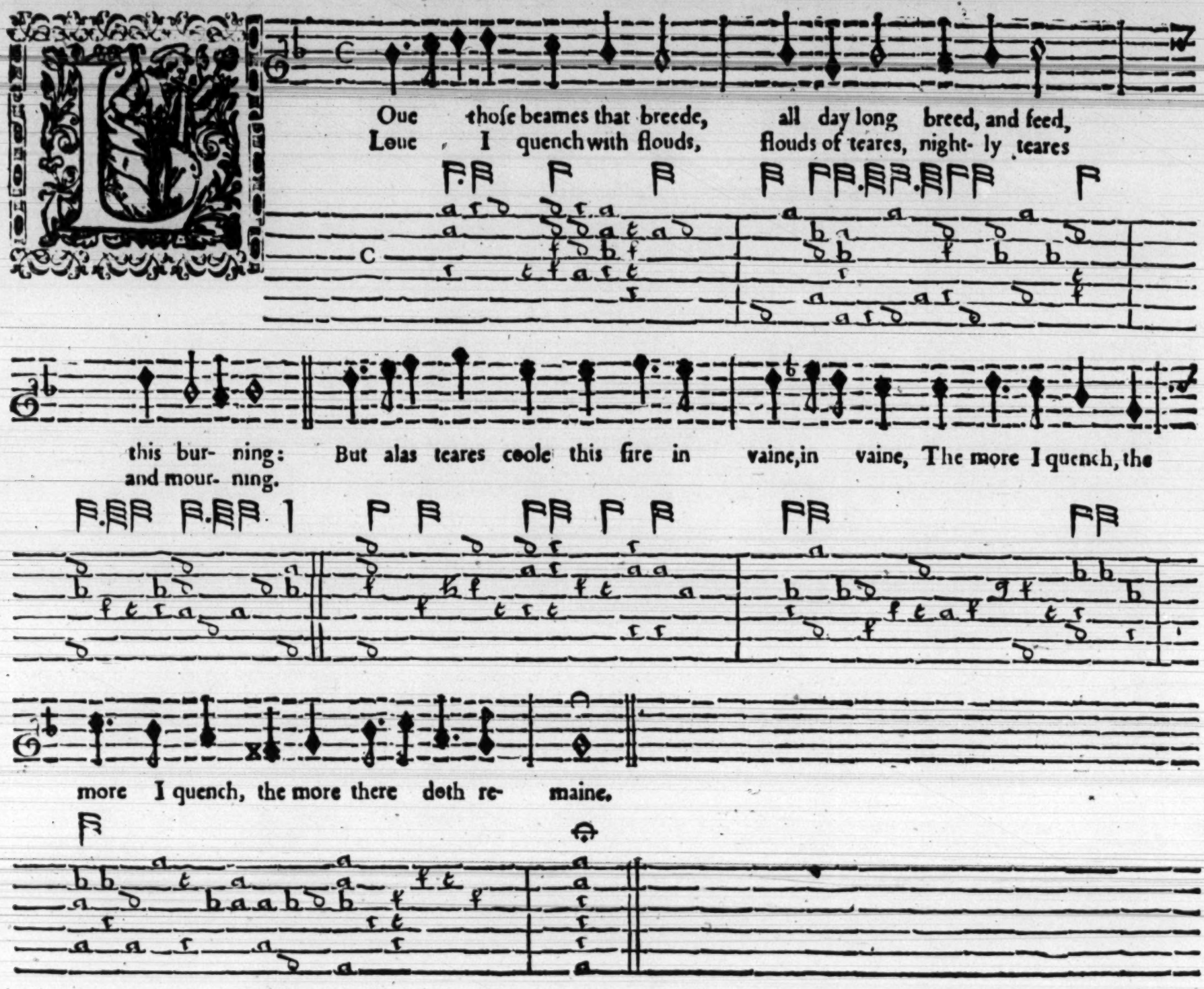


BASSVS. III.



TENOR. III.

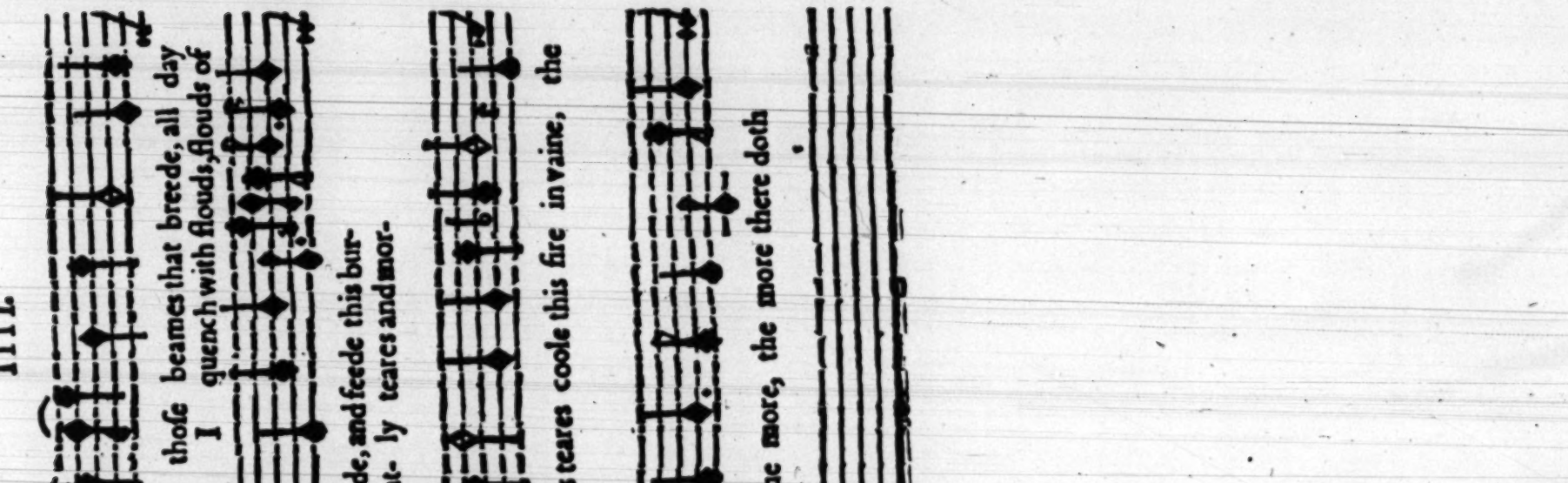




Ile goe to the woods, and alone, make my moane, oh cruell:
For I am deceiu'd and bereau'd of my life, my iewell.
O but in the woods, though Loue be blinde,
Hee hath his ſpies, my ſecret haunts to finde.

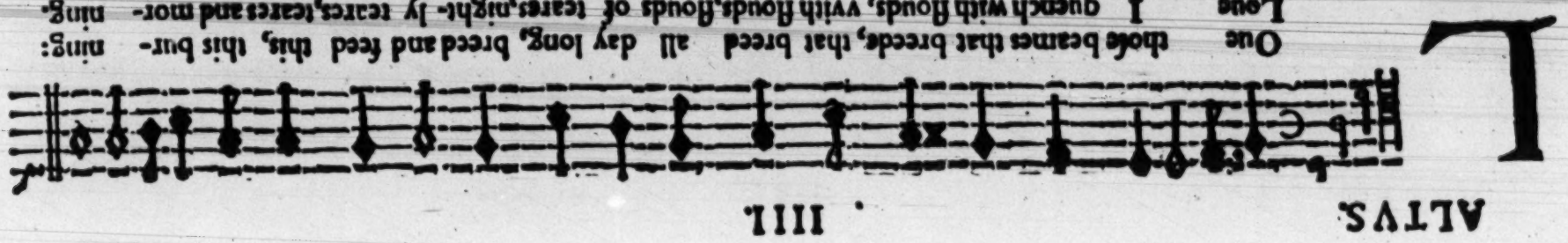
Loue then I muſt yeeld to thy might, might and ſpight oppreſſed,
Since I ſee my wrongs, woe is me, cannot be redreſſed.
Come at laſt, be friendly Loue to me,
And let me not, endure this miſerie.

TENOR. IIII.



BASSVS. IIII.

ALTVS. IIII.



S Hall I ſtriue with wordes to moue, when deedes re-ceiue not due re- gard?
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her reſt- leſſe an-guiſh umſt re- ueale:

Shall I ſpeake, and ney- ther pleaſe, nor be free- ly heard? All woes haue end, though
Shee a-lone my wound ſhall know, though ſhee will not heale. Stormes calme at laſt, and

a while de- laid, our pa- tience pro- uing,
why may not ſhee leaue off her frow- ning? O O that times ſweet Loue,

ſtrange ef- fects could but make, but make her lo- uing. I woo'd her, I lou'd her,
help her hands my af- fe- cti- on crow- ning.

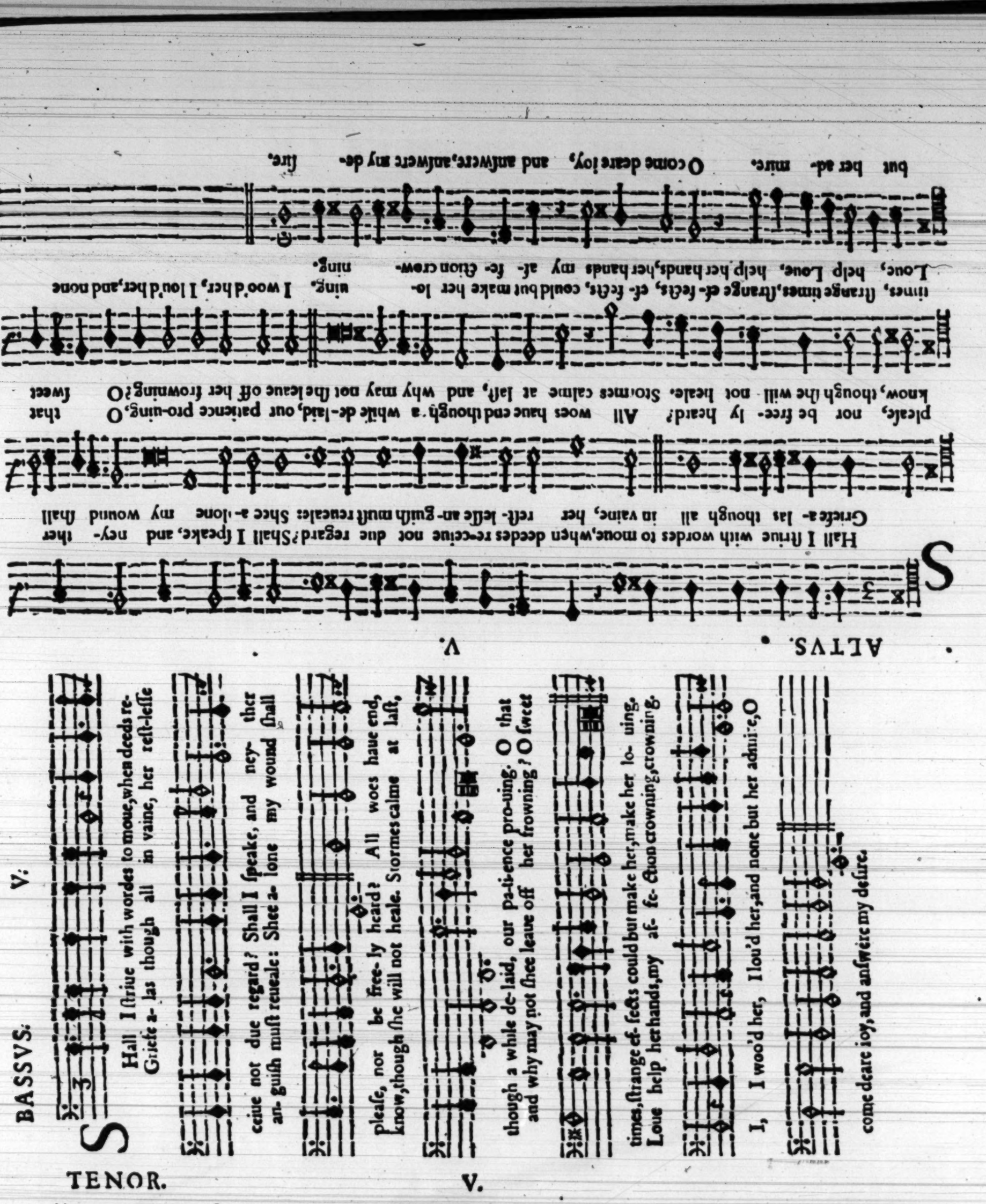
and none but her ad- mire. O come deare ioy, and an- ſwere my de- ſire.

ALTVS.

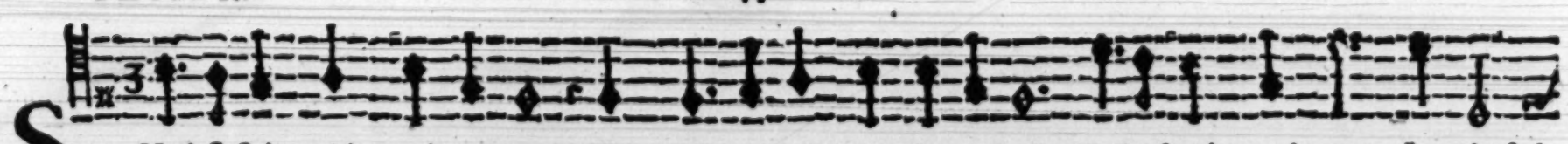
V.

BASSVS.

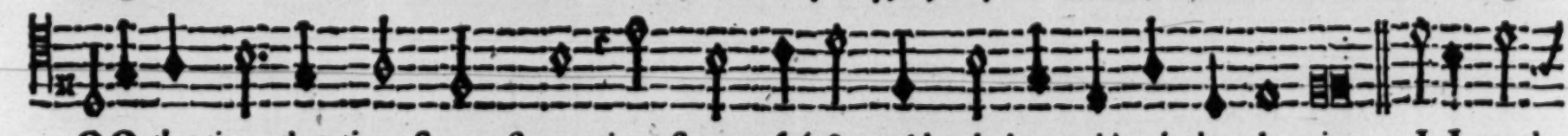
V.



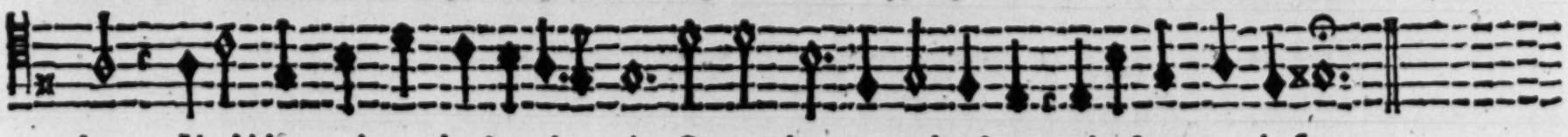
Hall I ſtriue with wordes to moue,when deedes re-ceiue not due regard?Shall I ſpeake, and ney- ther pleaſe,
Griefe a- las though all in vaine, her reſt-leſſe an-guiſh muſt reueale: Shee a-lone my wound ſhall know,



nor be free- ly heard? All woes haue end,though a while, a while de- laid, our patience, patience pro- uing:
though ſhe will not heale. Stormes calme at laſt, and why may,why may not ſhe leaue off,leaue off her frow- ning?



O,O that times,that times,ſtrange,ſtrange times,ſtrange ef- fects,could make her,could make her lo- uing. I, I woo'd
O,O ſweet Loue,ſweet Loue help, help Loue, help her hands my, my af- fe- cti- on crowning.



her, I lou'd her, and none but her ad- mire, O come deare Ioy and anſwere, and anſwere my de-ſire.

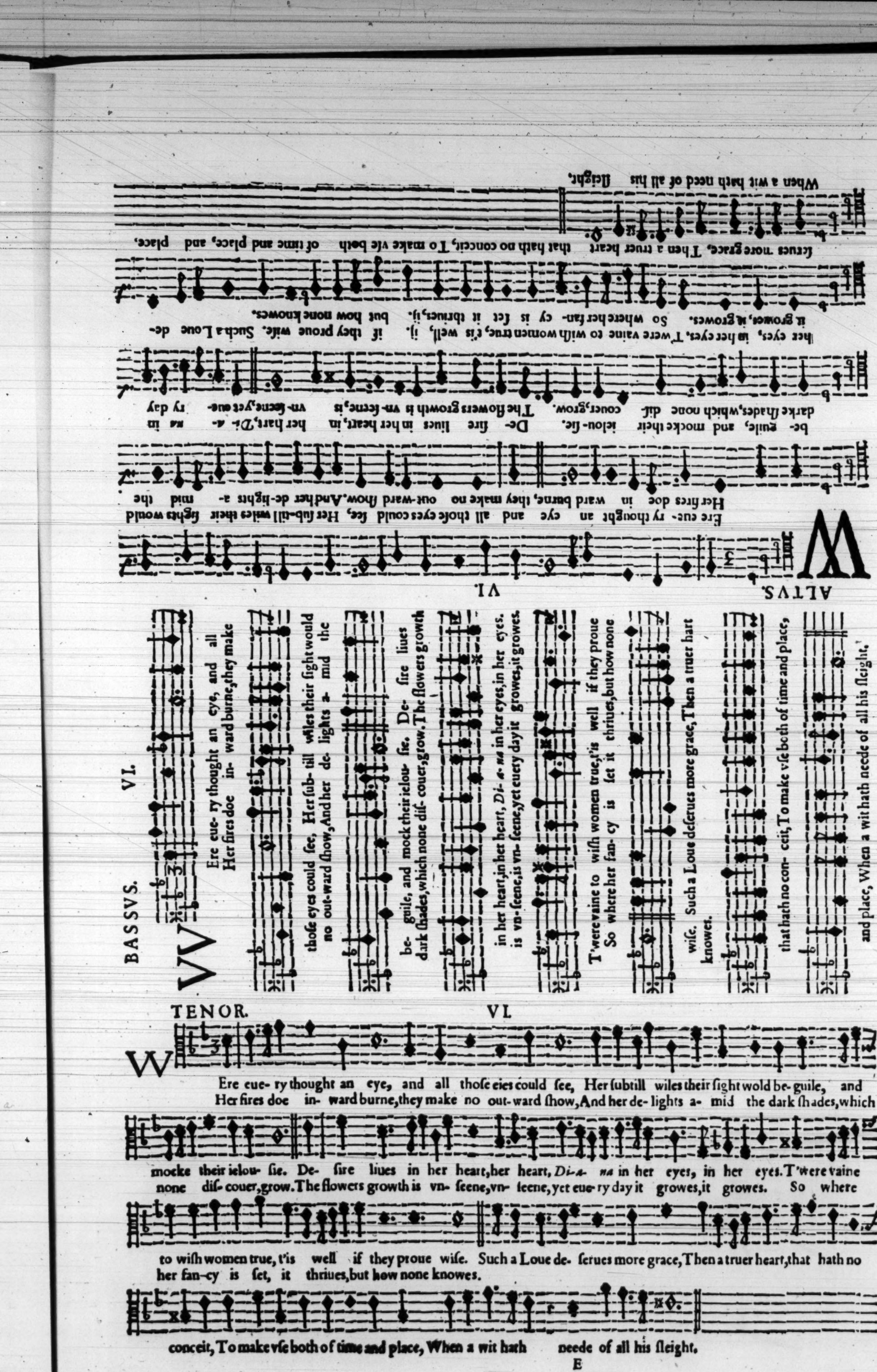
Ere eue-ry thought an eye, and all thoſe eyes could ſee, Her ſub-till
Her fires doe in- ward burne, they make no out-ward ſhow. And her de-

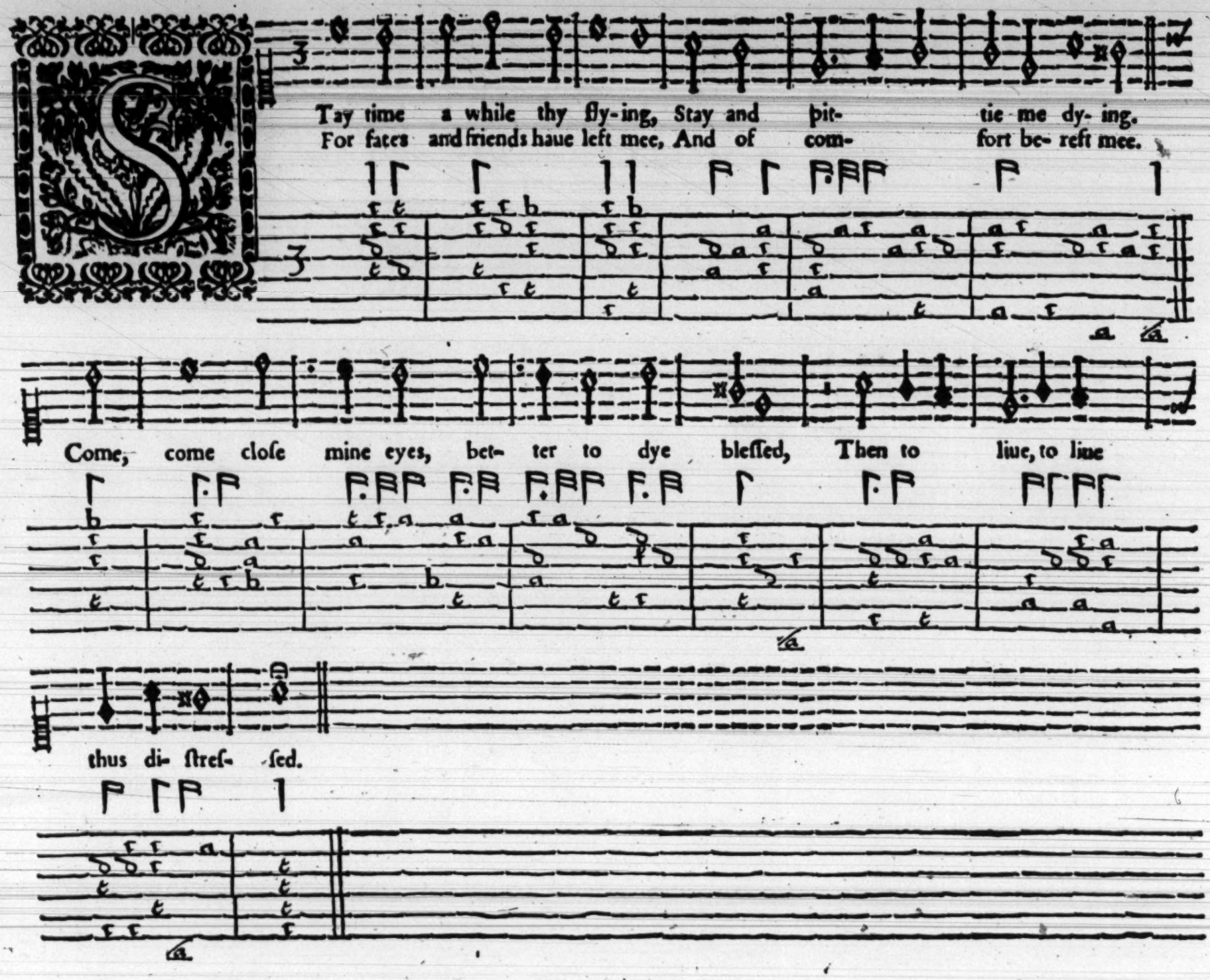
wiles their ſights would be-guile, and mocke their ielou- ſie. De- ſire liues in her heart, Di-
lights a- mid the dark ſhades, which none diſ- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- ſeene, yet

a-mes in her eyes. T'were vaine to wiſh women true, t'is well, if
euery day it growes. So where her fan- cy is ſet it thriues, but

they proue wiſe.
how none knowes! Such a Loue deſerues more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no conceit, To make

vſe both of time and place, When a wit hath need of all his ſleight.

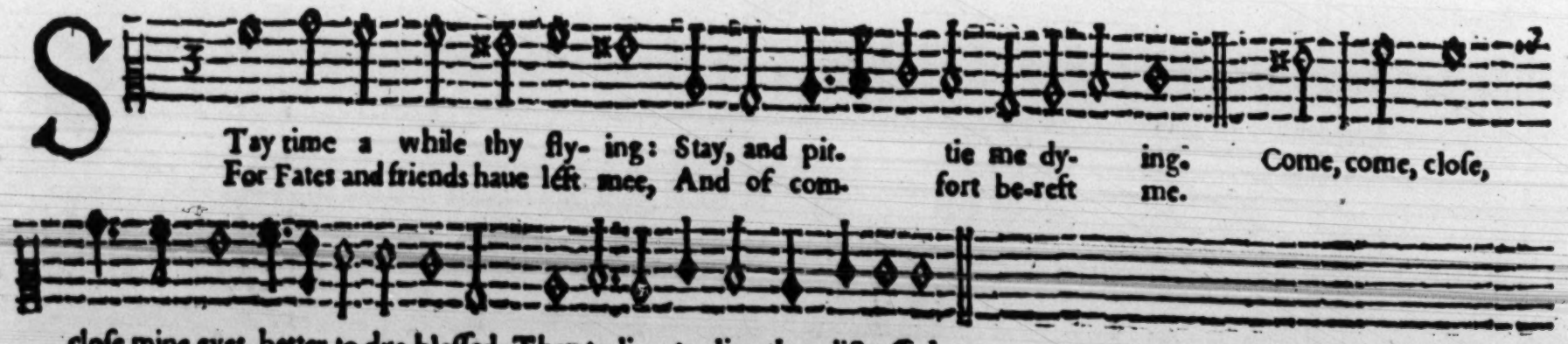

BASSVS.
VI.
Ere eue- ry thought an eye, and all
Her fires doe in- ward burne, they make
those eyes could see, Her sub- till wiles their sight would
no out-ward show, And her de- lights a- mid the
be- guile, and mock their ielou- sie. De-
dark shades, which none dis- couer, grow. The flowers growth
in her heart, in her heart, Di- a- na in her eyes, in her eyes.
is vn- seene, is vn- seene, yet euery day it growes, it growes.
T'were vaine to wish women true, t'is well if they proue
So where her fan- cy is set it thriues, but how none
wise. Such a Loue deserues more grace, Then a truer hart
knowes.
that hath no con- ceit, To make vse both of time and place,
and place, When a wit hath neede of all his sleight.
TENOR.
VI.
Ere eue- ry thought an eye, and all those eies could see, Her subtill wiles their sight wold be- guile, and
Her fires doe in- ward burne, they make no out- ward show, And her de- lights a- mid the dark shades, which
mocke their ielou- sie. De- sire liues in her heart, her heart, Di- a- na in her eyes, in her eyes. T'were vaine
none dis- couer, grow. The flowers growth is vn- seene, vn- seene, yet eue- ry day it growes, it growes. So where
to wish women true, t'is well if they proue wise. Such a Loue de- serues more grace, Then a truer heart, that hath no
her fan- cy is set, it thriues, but how none knowes.
conceit, To make vse both of time and place, When a wit hath neede of all his sleight.
ALTVS.
VI.
Fire eue- ry thought an eye and all those eyes could see, Her sub- till wiles their sights would
Her fires doe in ward burne, they make no out-ward show. And her de- lights a- mid the
her eyes, in her eyes. T'were vaine to wish women true, t'is well if they proue wise. Such a Loue
her fan- cy is set it thriues, but how none knowes. So where her fan- cy is set it thriues, but how none knowes.
leaues more grace, Then a truer heart that hath no conceit, To make vse both of time and place,
When a wit hath need of all his sleight.



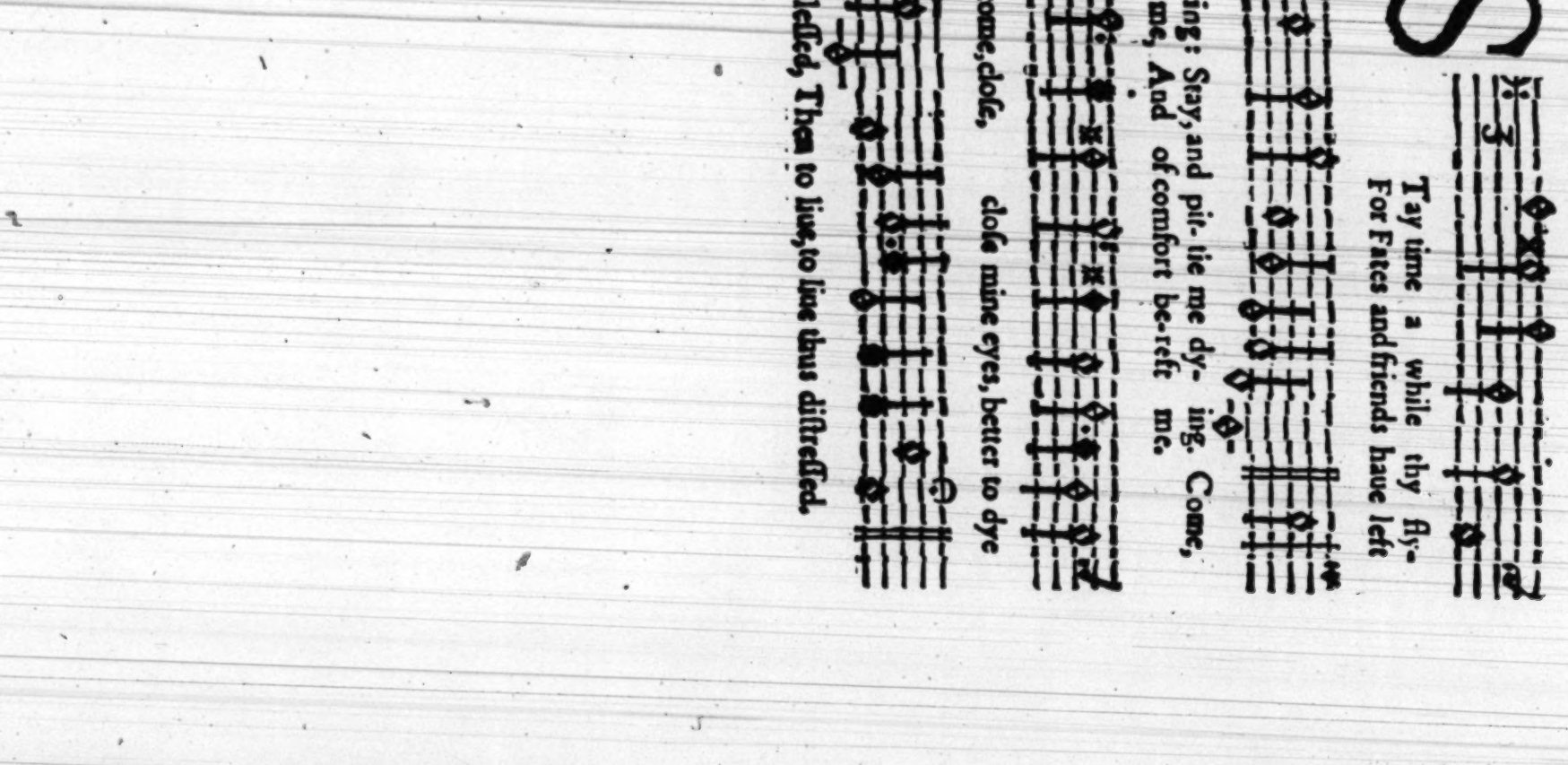
To whom shall I complaine me,
When thus friends doe disdaine mee ?
T'is time that must befriend me,
Drown'd in sorrow to end mee.
Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then to liue thus distressed.

Teares but augment this fewell,
I feede by night, (oh cruell)
Light griefes can speake their pleasure,
Mine are dumbe passing measure.
Quicke, quicke, close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,
Then here to liue distressed.

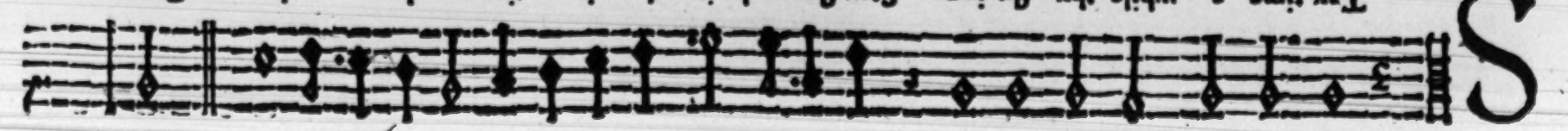
ALTVS. VII.

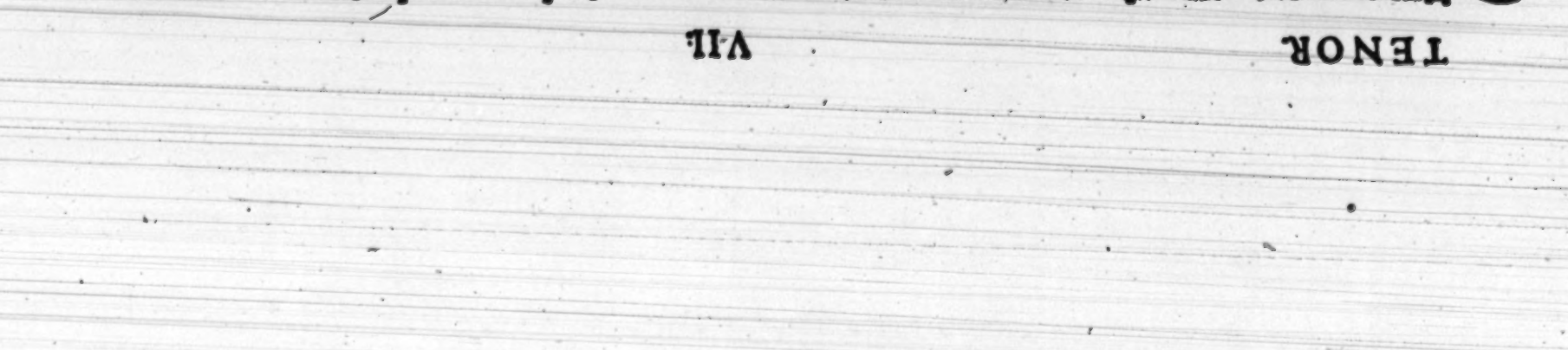


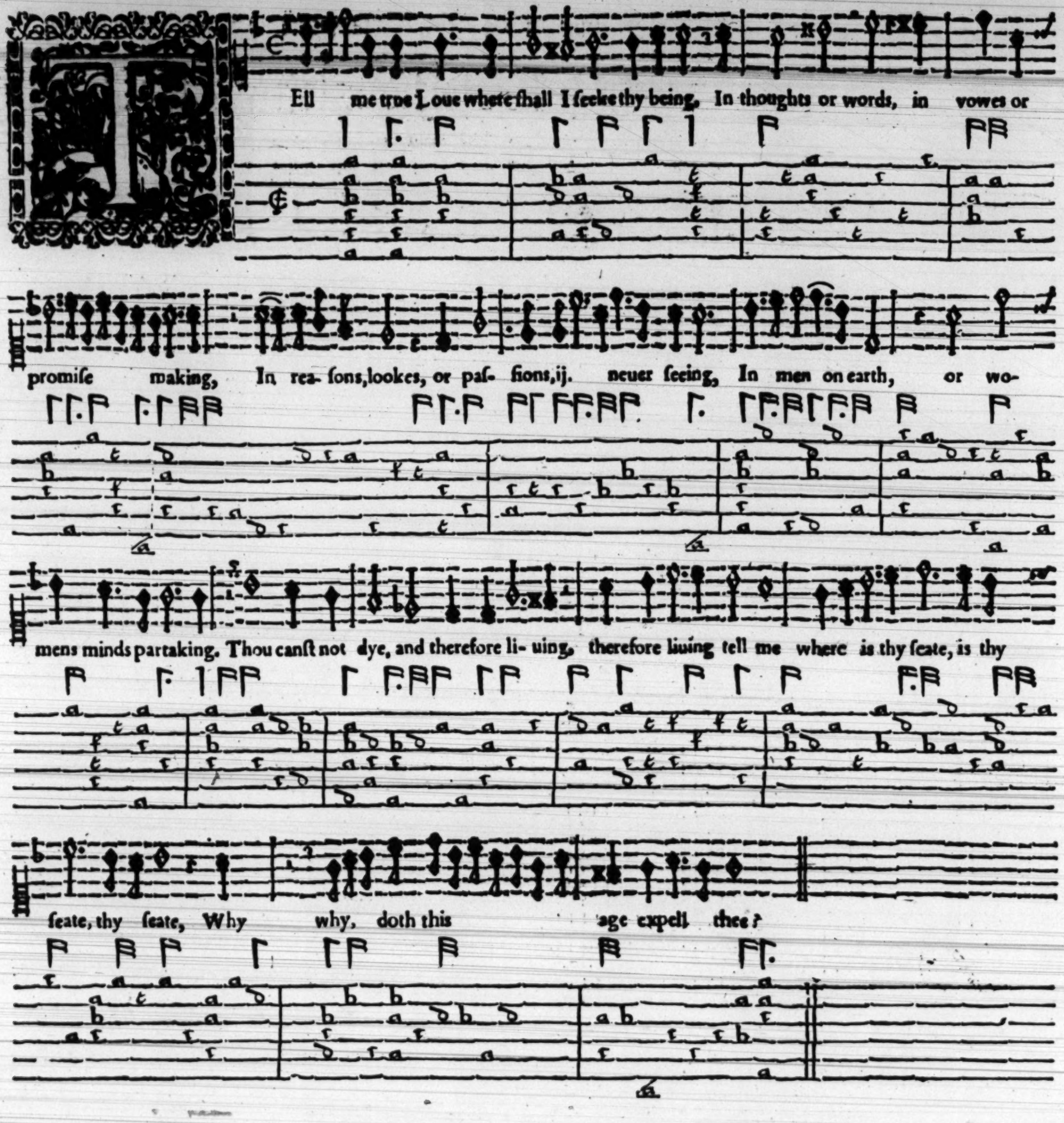
BASSVS. VII.



TENOR VII.





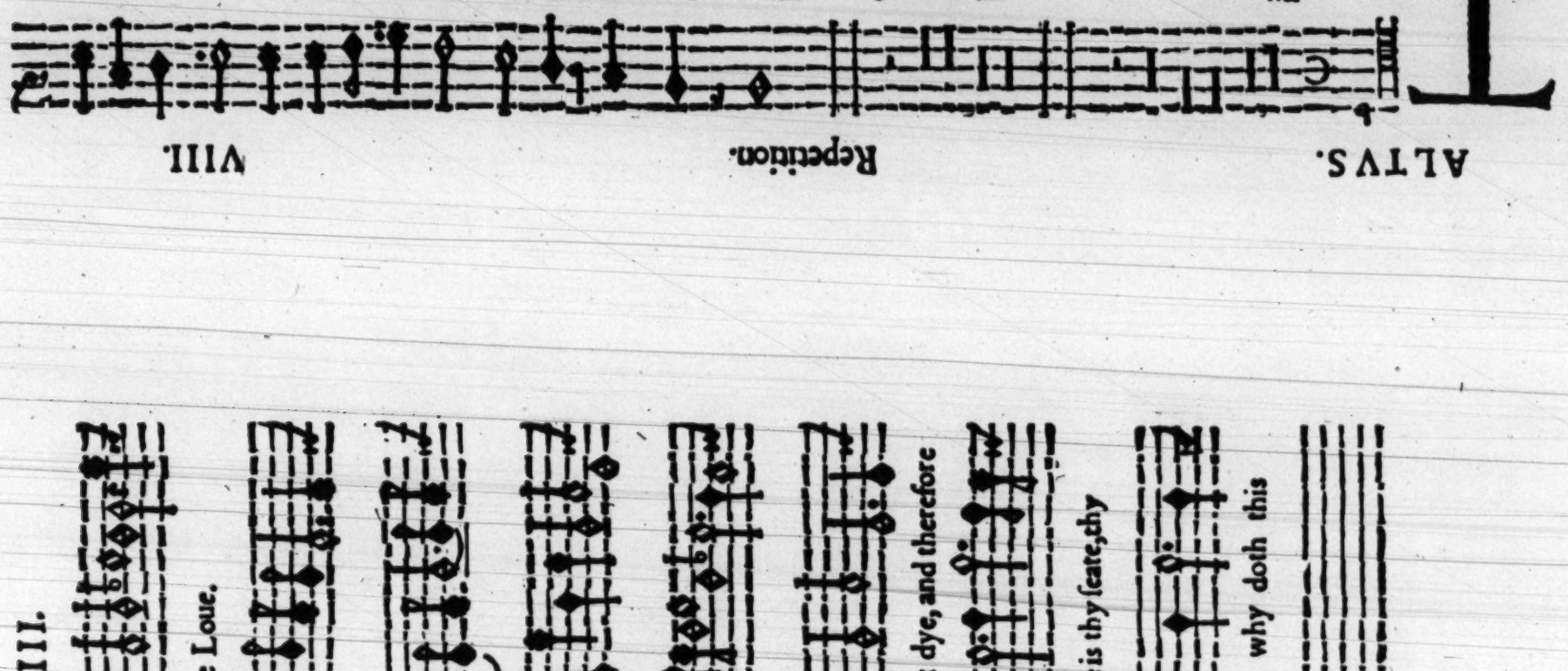


2 When thoughts are still vnseene and words disguised;
vowes are not sacred held, nor promise debt:
By passion reasons glory is surprised,
in neyther sexe is true loue firmely set.
Thoughts fainde, words false, vowes and promise broken
Made true Loue flye from earth, this is the token.

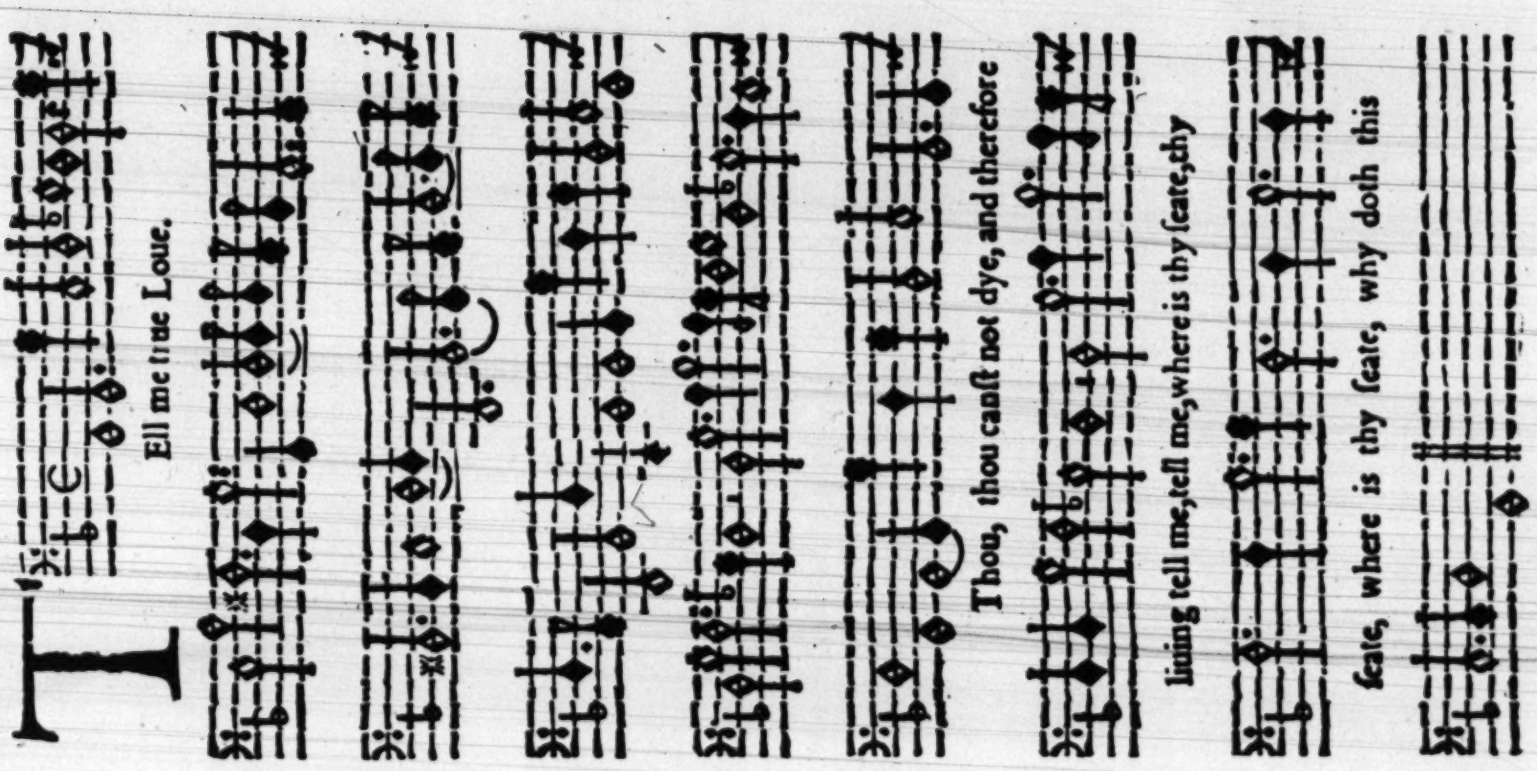
3 Mount then my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,
since truth and falshood liue like twins together:
Beleeue not sense, eyes, eares, touch, taste, or smelling,
both Art and Nature's forc'd: put trust in neyther.
One onely shee doth true Loue captiue binde
In faireſt breſt, but in a fairer minde.

O faireſt minde, enrich'd with Loues reſiding,
retaine the beſt; in hearts let some seede fall,
In stead of weeds Loues fruits may haue abiding,
at Harueſt you shall reape encreaſe of all.
O happy Loue, more happy man that findes thee,
Moſt happy Saint, that keepes, reſtores, vnbindes thee.

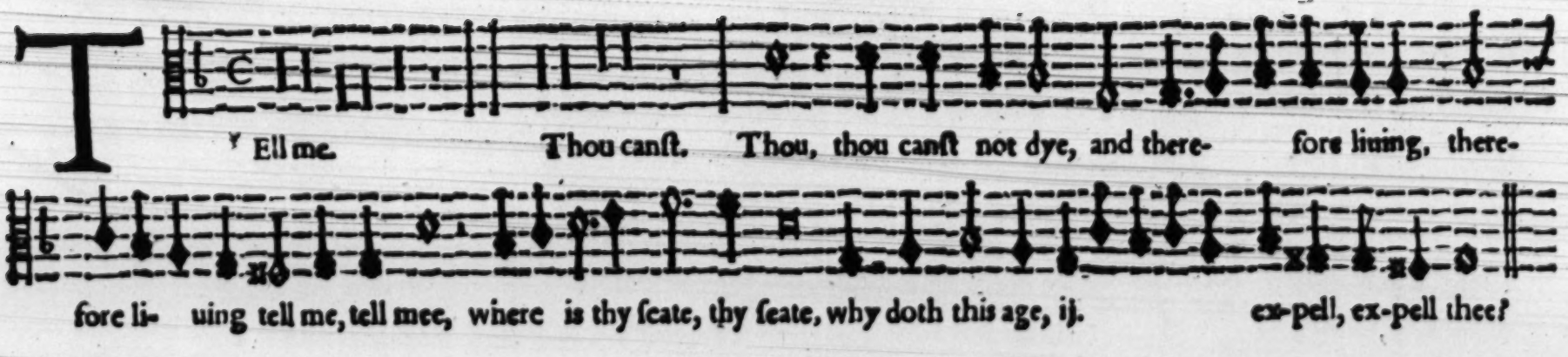
ALTVS. Repetition. VIII.



BASSVS. VIII.



TENOR. Repetition. VIII.



GOe nightly cares, Goe nightly cares, the

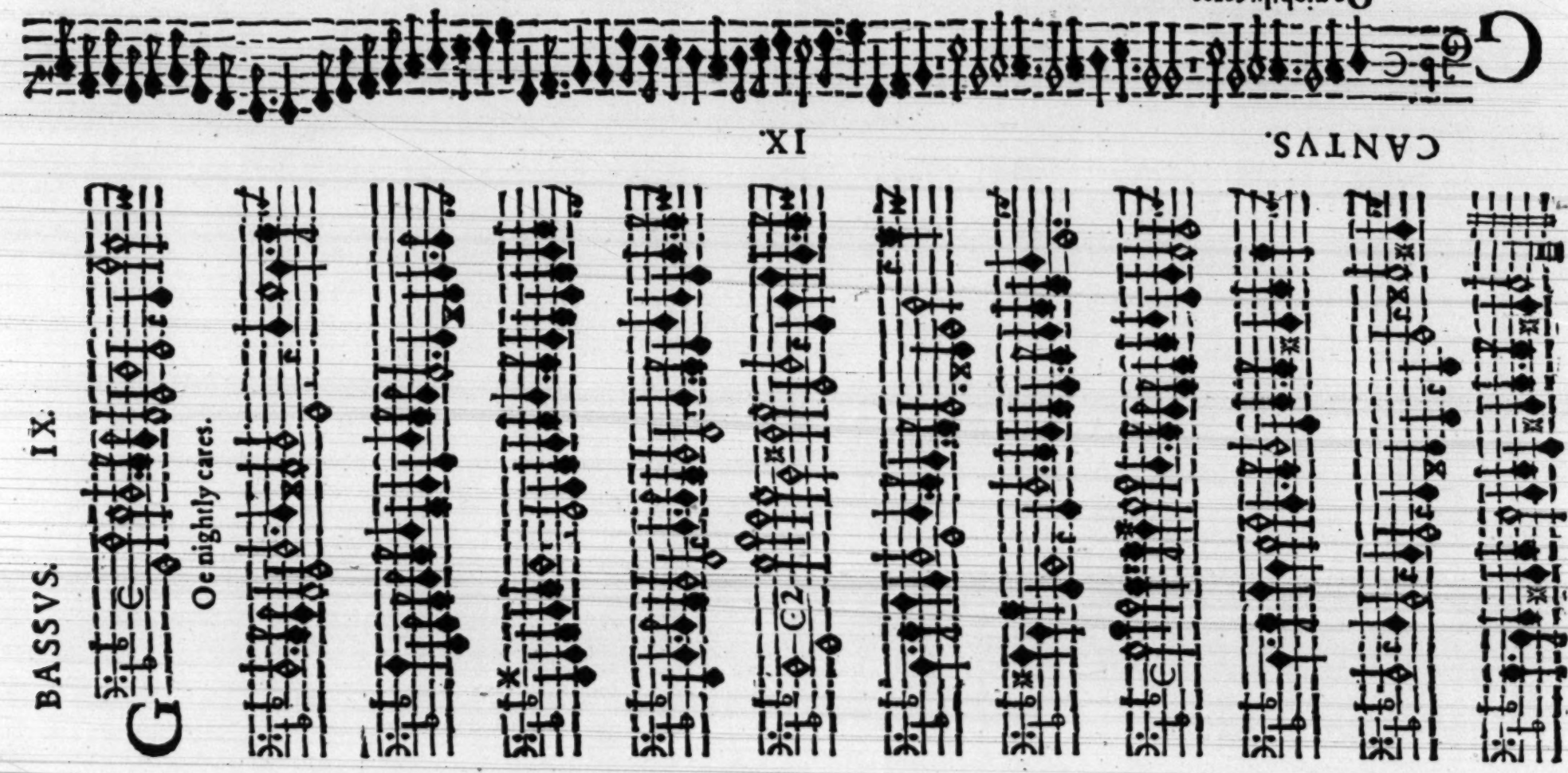
enemy to rest, Forbeare, forbeare a while to vexe my grieued sprite,

So long, so long your weight, so long, ij. your weight hath lyne vpon my breast,

that loe I liue, that loe I liue, ij. of life bereaued quite,

O giue me time to draw my weary breath, Or

let me dye, as I de- sire the death.



BASSVS. IX.

Oe nighlly cares.

Welcome ſweete death, ij. ij.

ſweet death wel- come, Oh life, no life, A hell, Then thus, and thus I bid the world fare- well.

Falſe world farewell the enemy to reſt,
now doe thy worſt, I doe not weigh thy ſpight:
Free from thy cares I liue for euer bleſt,
Enioying peace and heauenly true delight.

Delight, whom woes nor ſorrowes ſhall amate,
nor feares or teares diſturbe her happy ſtate.
And thus I leaue thy hopes, thy ioyes vntrue,
and thus, and thus vaine world againe adue.

From ſilent night, true re- giſter of moanes,

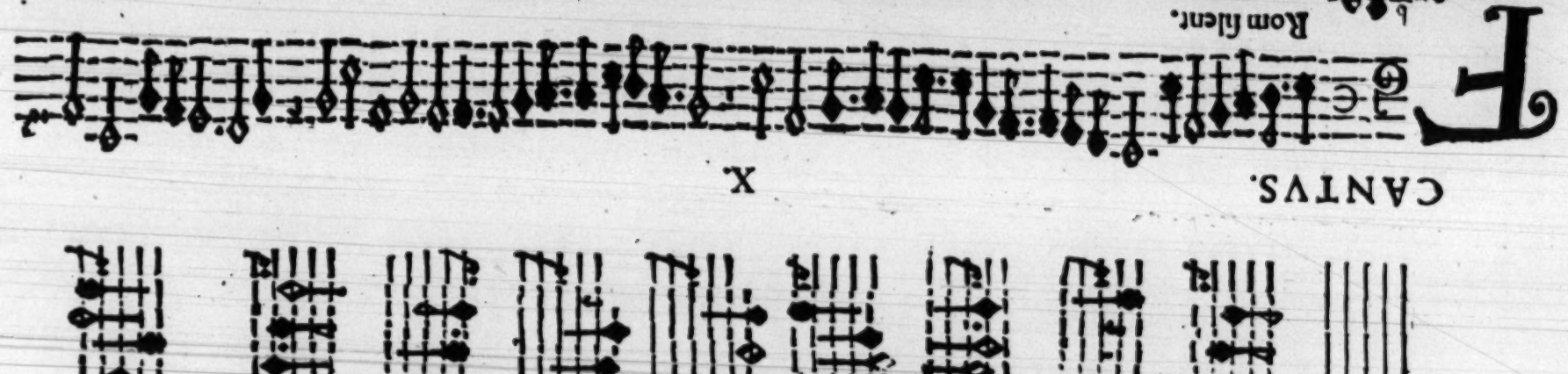
From ſaddeſt Soule conſumde with deepeſt ſinnes,

From hart quite rent with ſighes, with ſighes and heauie groanes, My way- ling

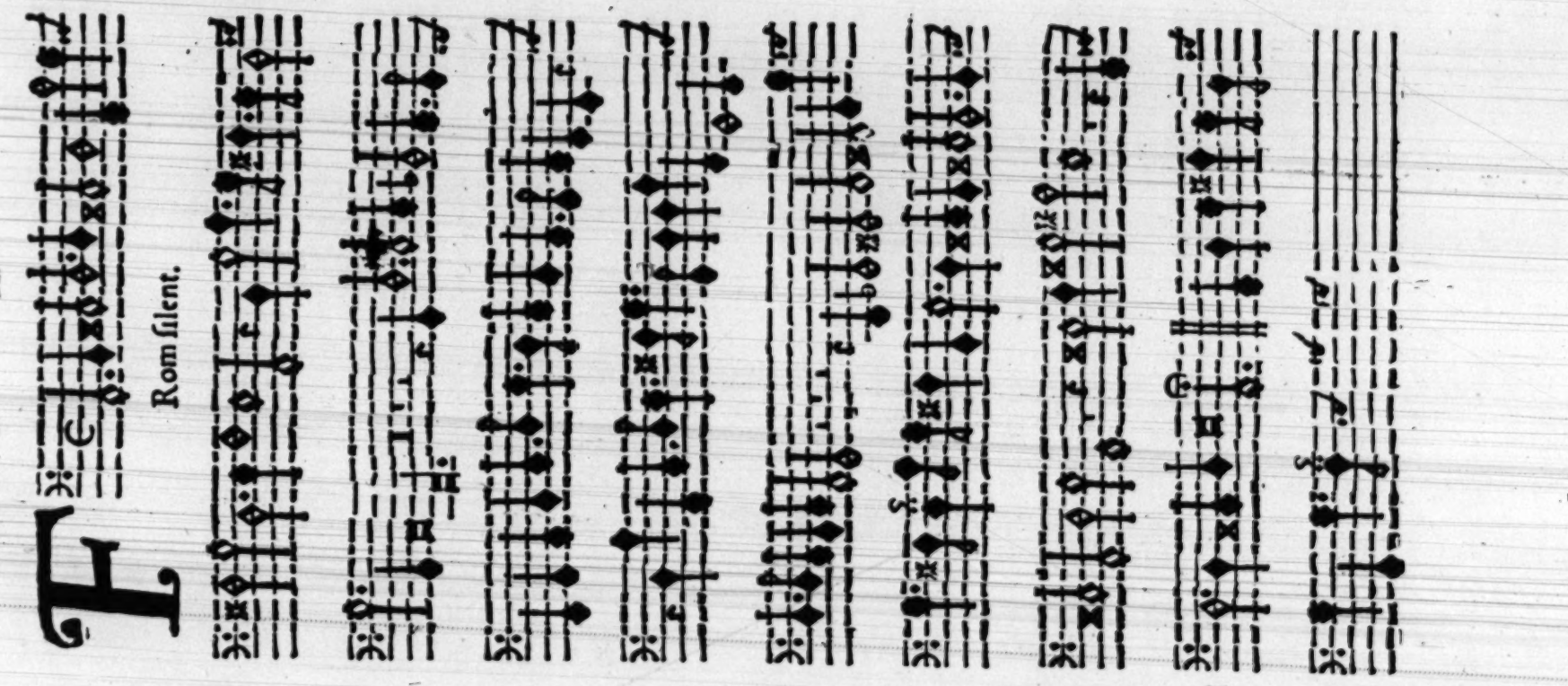
Muſe her woe, her woe, her wofull woike beginnes.

And to the world brings tunes of ſad deſpaire,

And to the world brings tunes of ſad deſpayre, Sounding nought elſe but



BASSVS. X.



2 Sorrow to ſee my ſorrowes cauſe augmented,
and yet leſſe ſorrowfull were my ſorrowes more:
Griefe that my griefe with griefe is not preuented,
for griefe it is muſt eaſe my grieued ſore.
Thus griefe and ſorrow cares but how to grieue,
For griefe and ſorrow muſt my cares relieue.

3 If any eye therefore can ſpare a teare
to fill the well-ſpring that muſt wet my cheekes,
O let that eye to this ſad feaſt draw neere,
refuſe me not my humble ſoule beſeekes:
For all the teares mine eyes haue euer wept
Were now too little had they all beene kept.

Asso vita mia, mi fa morire, Lasso vita mia

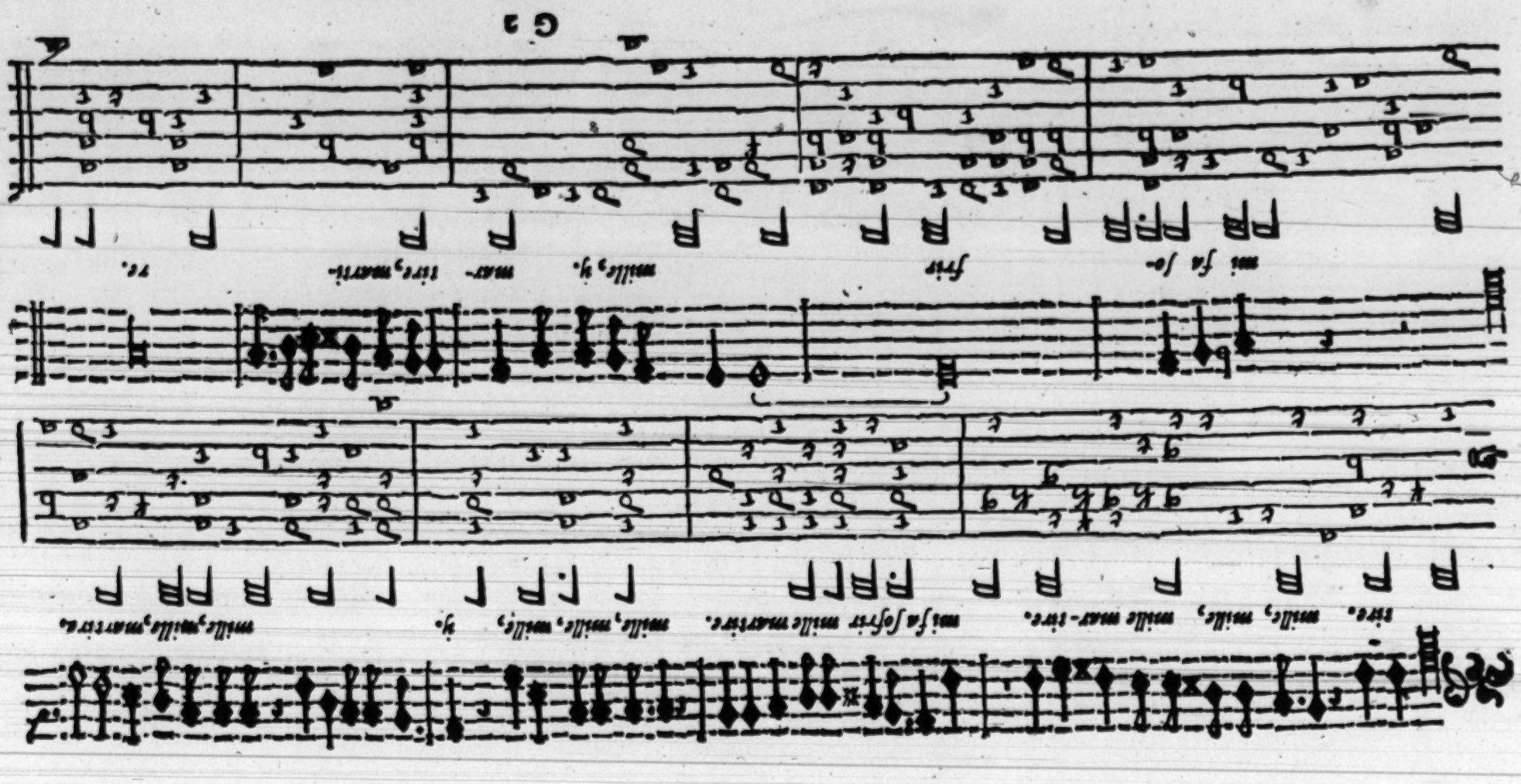
mi fa, mi fa morire, Crudel, crudel amor mio cor con-

ſume, Da mille, mille, mille ferite, ij. mille, mille ferite,

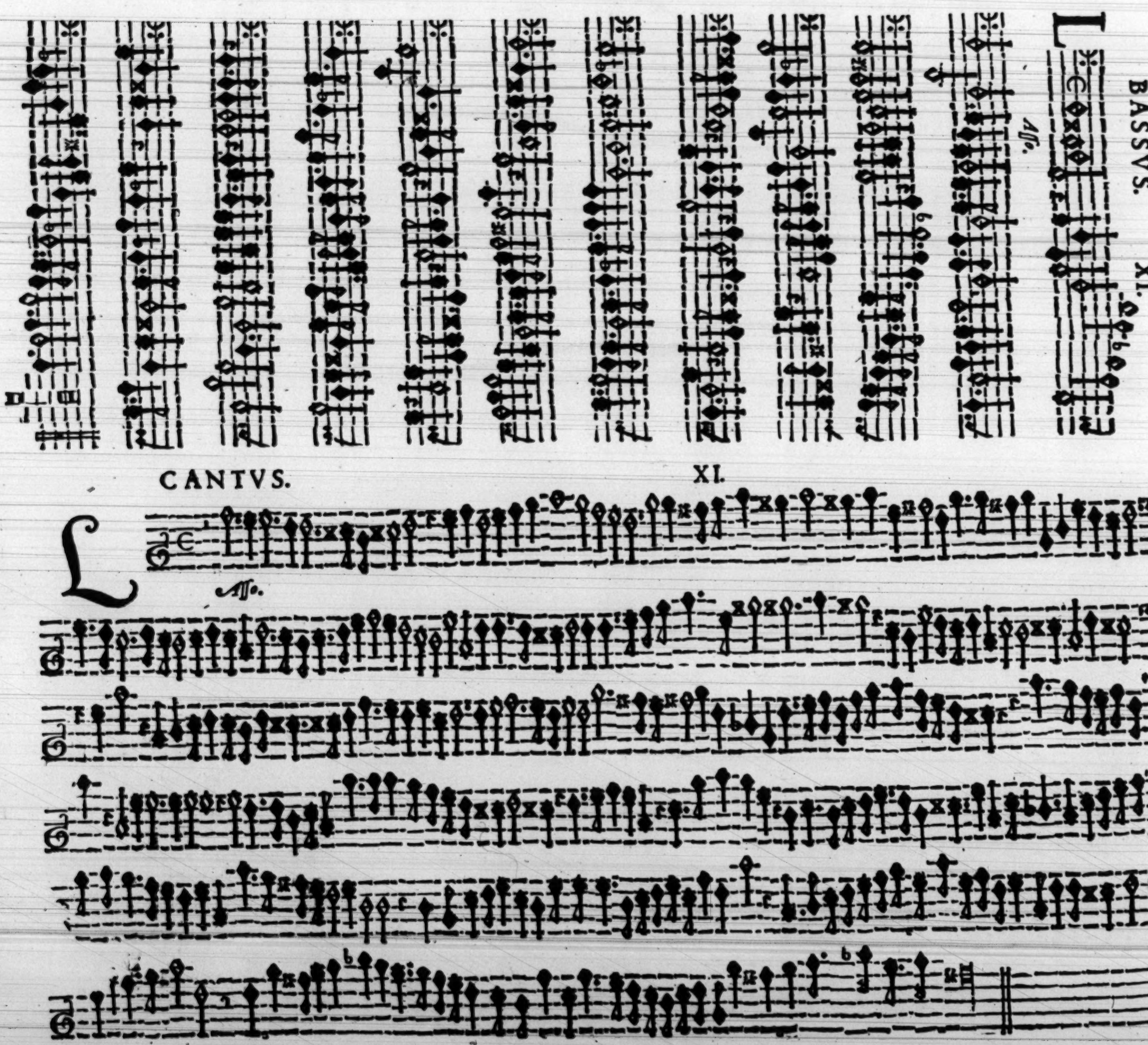
Che mi fa ij. ij. morir, morir, Abi me, Abi me, Deh, che non mi

fa morire, morire, Deh, che non mi fa morire, mi fa morire, Crudel, ij. a-

mor, crudel, cru- del, ij. amor, mi fa ſofrir mille mar-



BASSVS. XI.



CANTVS. XI.

IN this trembling, trembling

shadow, cast from those boughes which thy wings shake, Farre from humane trou- bles,

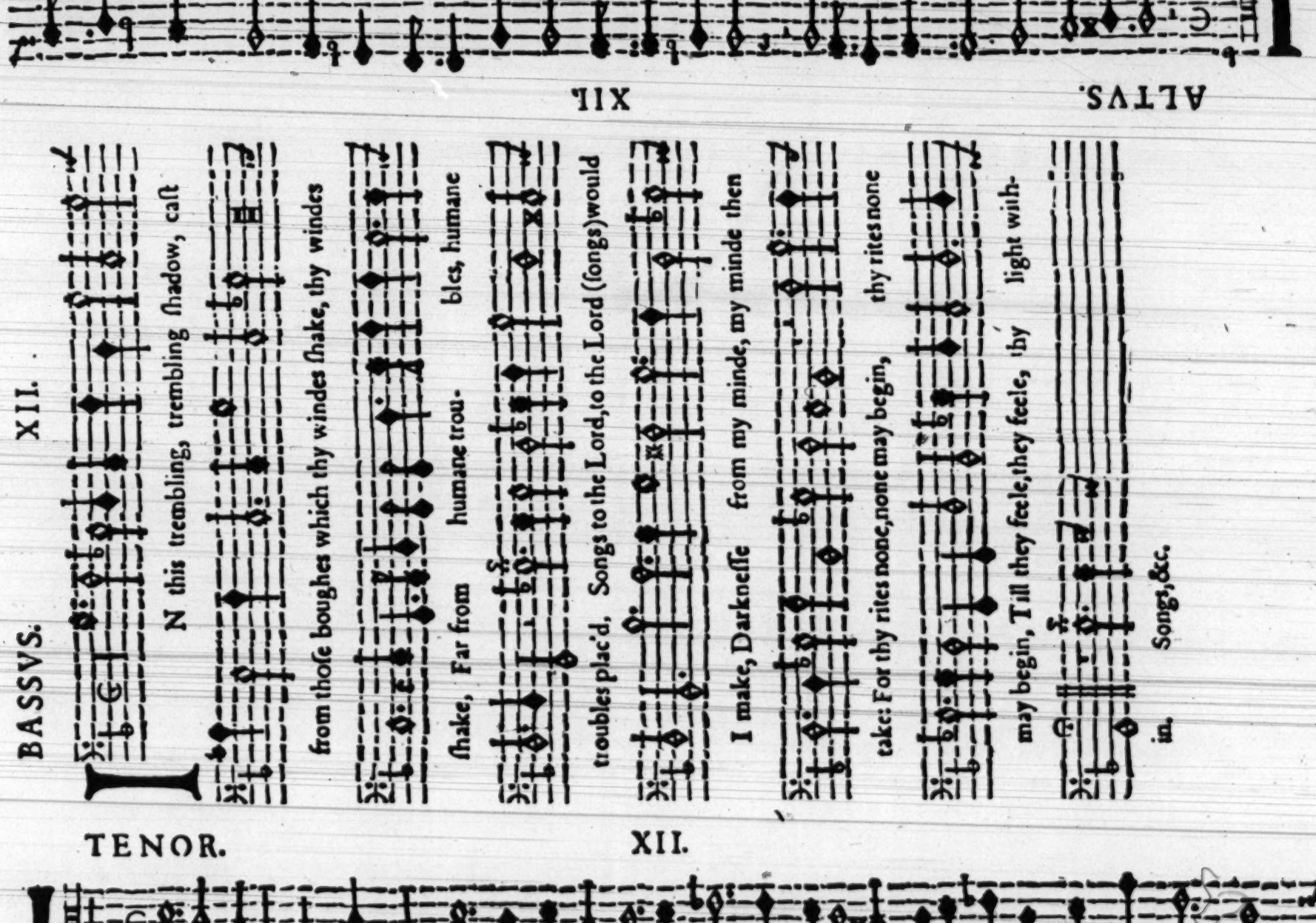
hu- mane troubles, trou- bles plac'd: Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, Dark-

nesse, ij. from my minde then take, For thy rites, thy rites none

may begin, Till they feele thy light, ij. with- in.

As I sing, sweete flowers Ile strow,
from the fruitfull vallies brought:
Praising him by whom they grow,
him that heauen and earth hath wrought,
him that all things framde of nought,
Him that all for man did make,
But made man for his owne sake.

Musicke all thy sweetnesse lend,
while of his high power I speake,
On whom all powers else depend,
but my brest is now too weake,
trumpets shrill the ayre should breake,
All in vaine my sounds I raise,
Boundlesse power askes boundlesse praise.


IN this trembling, trembling sha- dow, In this trembling, trem-bling sha- dow, cast from those boughes
which thy windes shake, cast, cast from those boughes which thy windes shake, thy windes shake, Farre
from hu- mane trou- bles, humane troubles plac'd, Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, to the Lord
would I make, Darke- nesse from my minde, my minde then take: For thy rites, thy rites, none may begin, thy
rites, thy rites none, none may begin, Till they feele thy light, thy light with- in. Songs, &c.

BASSVS. XII.
IN this trembling, trembling shadow, cast
from those boughes which thy windes shake, thy windes
shake, Far from humane trou- bles, humane
troubles plac'd, Songs to the Lord, to the Lord (Songs) would
I make, Darkenesse from my minde, my minde then
take: For thy rites none, none may begin, thy rites none
may begin, Till they feele, they feele, thy light with-
in. Songs, &c.
TENOR. XII.

F that a

sinners sighes be Angels foode, Or that re- pentant teares be Angels wine,

Ac- cept O Lord in this most pensiue moode, These hearty

sighes and dolefull plaints of mine, That went with *Peter* forth

most sinful- ly: But not as *Peter* did, weepe, weepe

weepe, weepe bit- ter- ly.

I F that a fin-ners fighes be Angels food, a finners fighes be Angels food, fighes be Angels foode, Or that re-

pentant teares, repentant teares be An- gels wine, be Angels wine, Accept O Lord, O Lord in this moſt penſiue moode,

Theſe hearty fighes, and dolefull plaints of mine, That went with *Peter* forth, moſt ſinful- ly: But not

as *Peter* did, not as *Peter* did, *Peter* did, weepe, weepe bitterly, weepe bitter- ly. That went, &c.

I F that a fin- ners fighes be Angels food, fighes be Angels food, Or that repentant teares be

Angels food, fighs be Angels food, Or that repentant teares be Angels wine, Accept O Lord, O Lord, Accept O

Lord, in this moſt penſiue moode, Theſe hearty fighes and dolefull plaints of mine, That went with *Peter*,

with *Peter* forth moſt ſinfully: But not as *Peter*, *Peter* did, weepe, weepe bitterly, weepe bitter- ly. That went, &c.

I F that a ſinners fighes, a ſinners fighes be Angels foode, fighes be Angels foode, Or that repentant teares, re-

pentant teares be Angels, Angels wine, Accept O Lord, accept O Lord in this moſt penſiue moode, this moſt,

moſt penſiue moode, Theſe hearty fighes, and dolefull, dolefull plaints of mine, That went with *Pe- ter* forth,

with *Pe- ter* forth moſt ſinfully, ſinfully: But not as *Pe- ter*, not as *Peter* did, *Peter* did, weepe,

Peter did, weepe, weepe bitterly, weepe bitter- ly. That went, &c.

How mightie God, that righteſt euery wrong,

Liſten to patience, Liſten to patience, Liſten to patience,

patience in a dying, a dying, ij. ſong. When *Iob* had loſt his Children, Lands, and goods,

Patience, patience aſ- ſwa- ged his exceſſiue paine,

And when his ſorrowes, his ſor- rowes, ſor- rowes came as faſt as flouds, as flouds,

hope kept his hart, his heart, his heart, till com- fort came againe, till comfort came a- gaine, came a- gaine.

ALTVS. XIIII.

THou mighty, mighty God, that righteſt euery wrong, Liſten to patience, liſten to

patience,ſo patience in a dying, dying ſong. When *Iob* had loſt his Children, his Children,his Children, Lands and goods,Patience,patience aſſwaged,aſſwaged,patience aſſwa- ged his exceſſiue paine: And when his ſorrowes came,ſorrowes came as faſt as flouds, Hope kept his hart,his hart,til comfort came againe,till comfort came againe,againe. And when,&c.

BASSVS. XIIII.

THou mighty God that righteſt euery wrong,euery wrong,Liſten to patience,to patience, liſten to patience in a dying, dying Song, When *Iob* had loſt his Children, Lands, and goods,Patience,patience aſſwaged his exceſſiue paine: And when his ſorrowes came,ſorrowes came as faſt as flouds, Hope kept his hart,til comfort came againe,againe. And when,&c.

TENOR. XIIII.

THou mightie God that righteſt euery wrong, euery wrong,Liſten to patience,to patience,

Liſten to patience,ij. Liſten,liſten to patience,patience, in a dying, dying Song. When *Iob* had

loſt his Children,his Children, Lands, Lands and goods, Patience aſſwaged,ij. aſſwaged his

exceſſiue pain,pain,exceſſiue paine,And when his ſorrowes came, and when his ſorrowes,his ſorrowes came as faſt,as faſt as flouds,

Hope kept his hart,his hart,til comfort came againe,till comfort,comfort came again. And when his ſorrows came as faſt as flouds,

WHen *Dauids* life by *Saul* was often ſought, *Da- uids* life by *Saul*, by

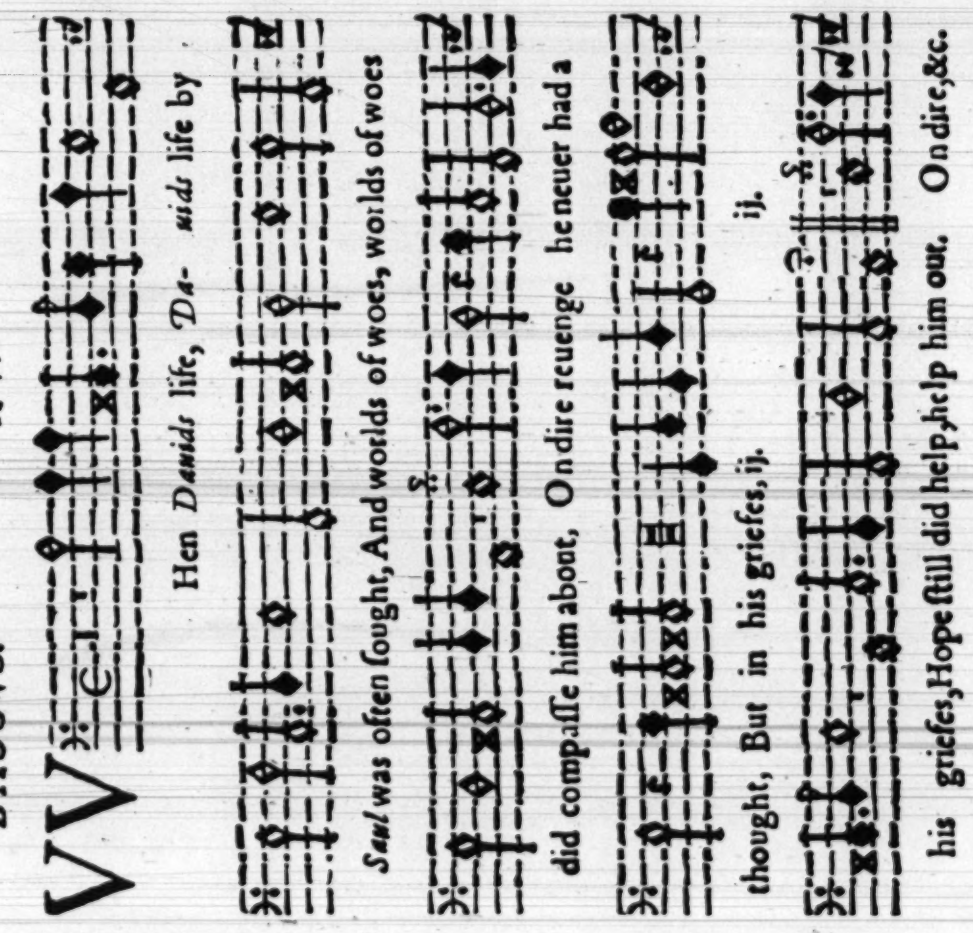
Saul was of-ten ſought, And worlds of woes, worlds of

woes, of woes did compaſſe, compaſſe him a- bout, about, On dire reuenge he neuer,

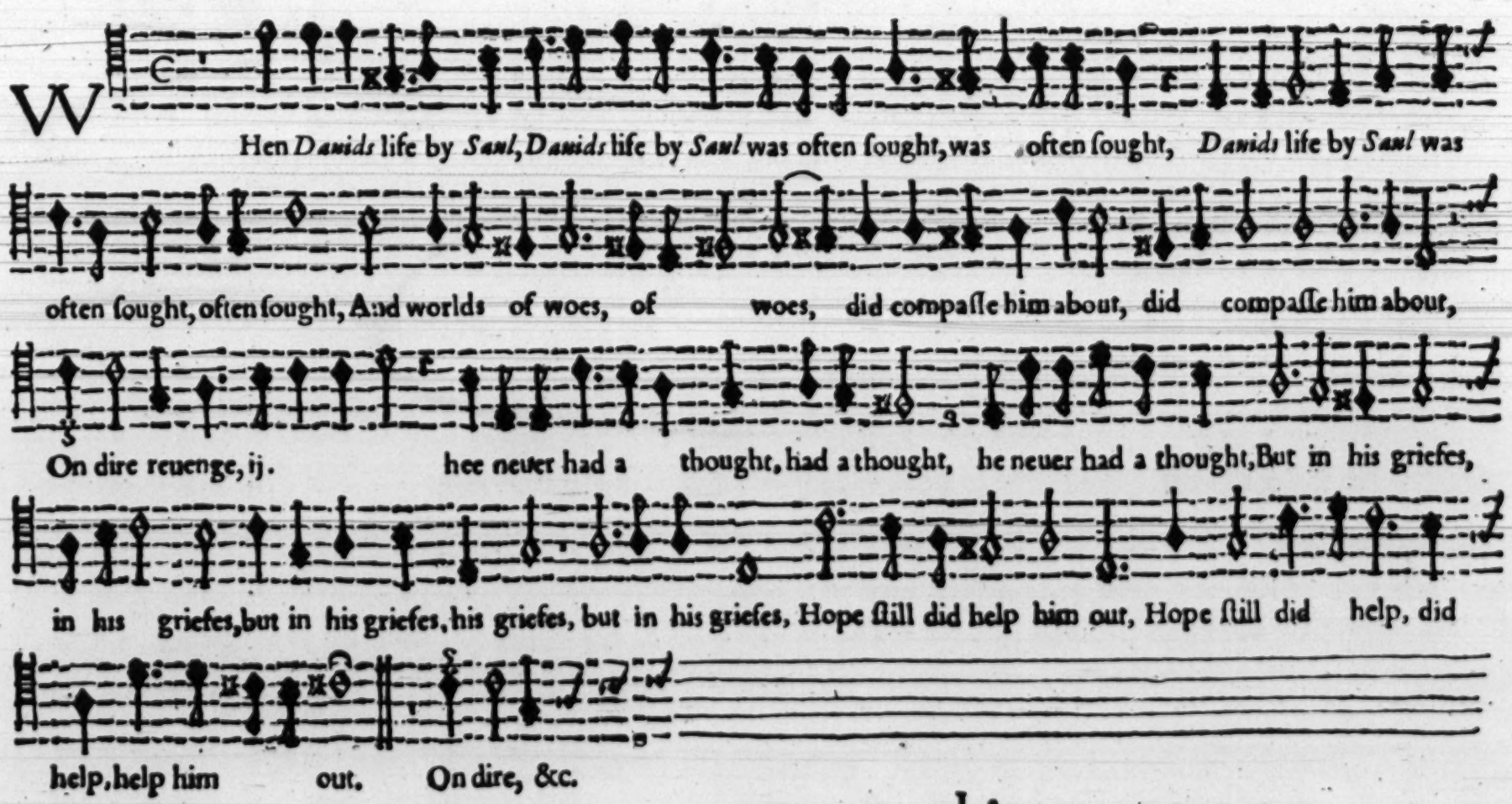
neuer had a thought, a thought, But in his griefes, but in his griefes, his

griefes, his griefes, Hope ſtill did help him out, Hope ſtill did help him, help him out.

BASSVS. XV.



TENOR. XV.



W Hen the poore Cripple by the Poole did lye,

Full many, many yeeres in mi- se- ry and paine, No sooner hee on

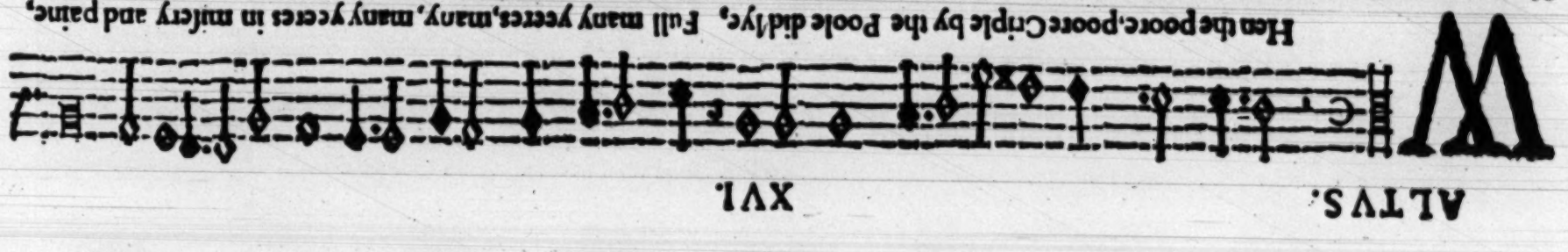
Christ had set his eye, But hee was well, hee was well, was well

and comfort, comfort came a- gaine, a- gaine. No *David*, *Iob*, nor Cripple in

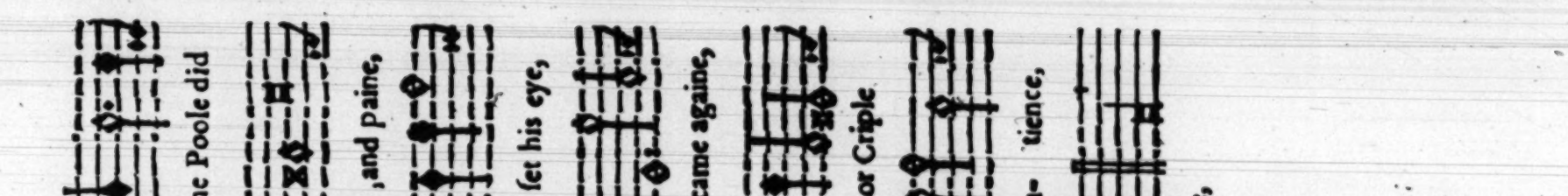
more griefe, in more griefe, Christ giue mee patience, patience, and my

Hopes relieue.

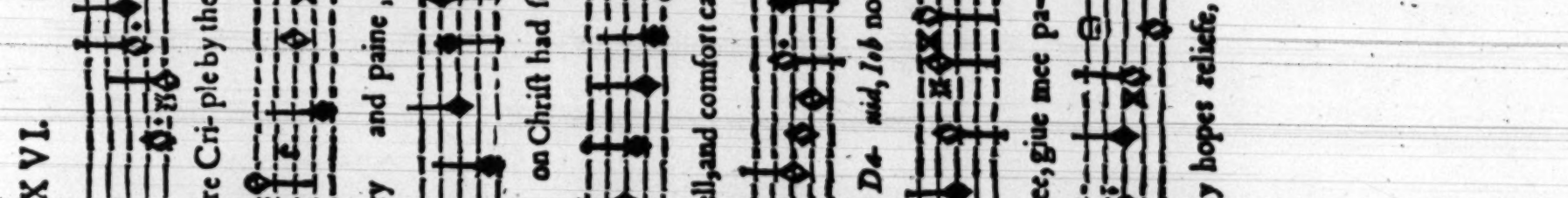
ALTVS. XVI.



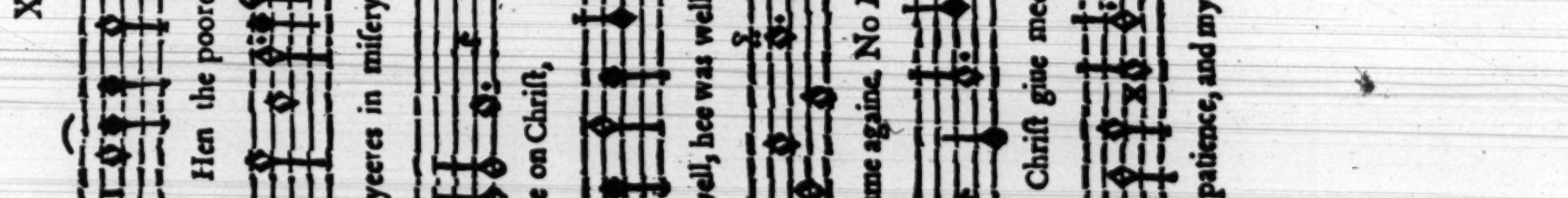
Hen the poore,poore Criple by the Poole did lye, Full many yeeres,many, many yeeres in miſery and paine,



No ſooner he on Chriſt, on Chriſt had ſet his eye, But he was well,he was well,but he was well and comfort came againe,hee

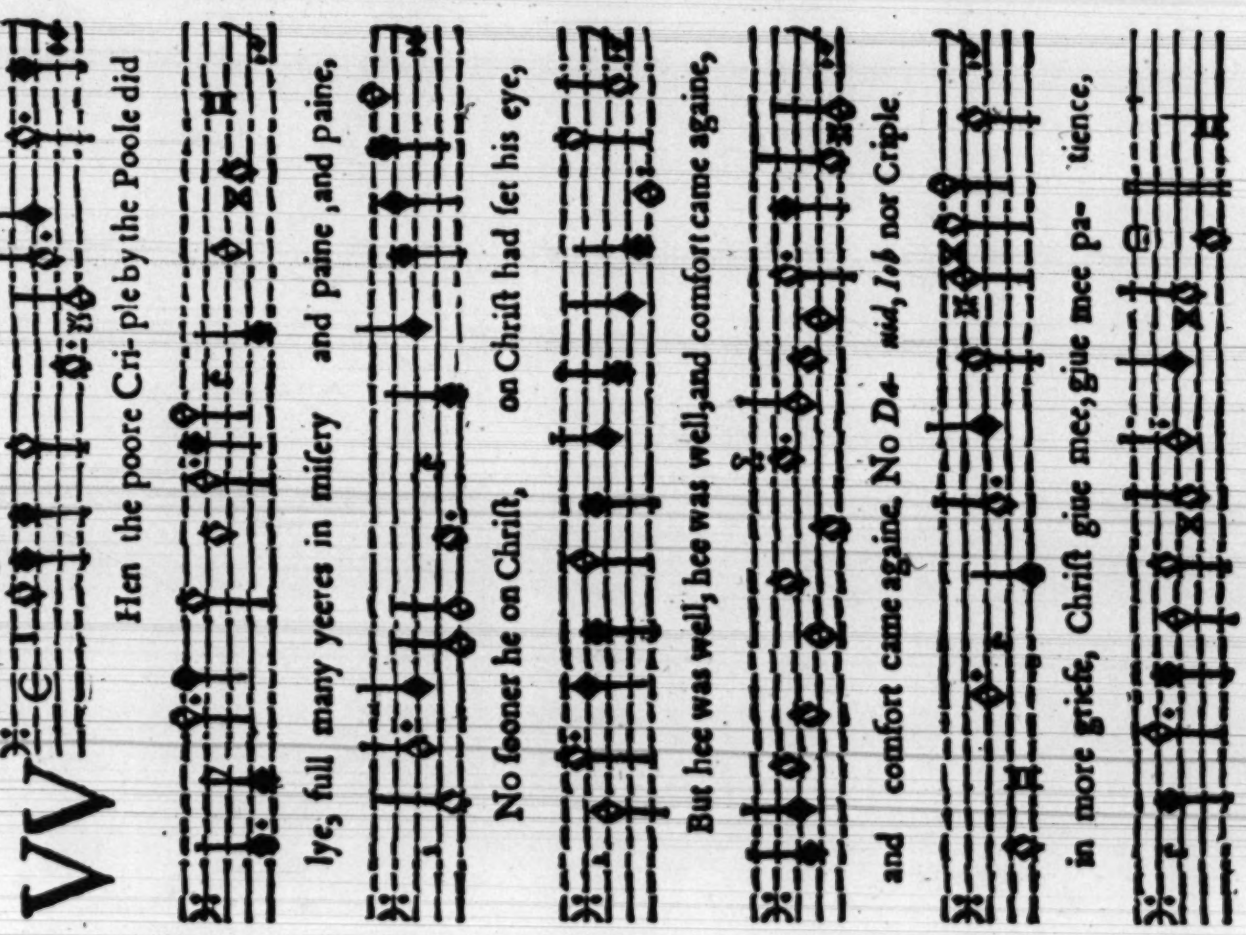


was well, and comfort came againe.No *Dauid,Dauid, Iob*,nor Criple,ij. in more griefe, in more griefe,Chriſt giue



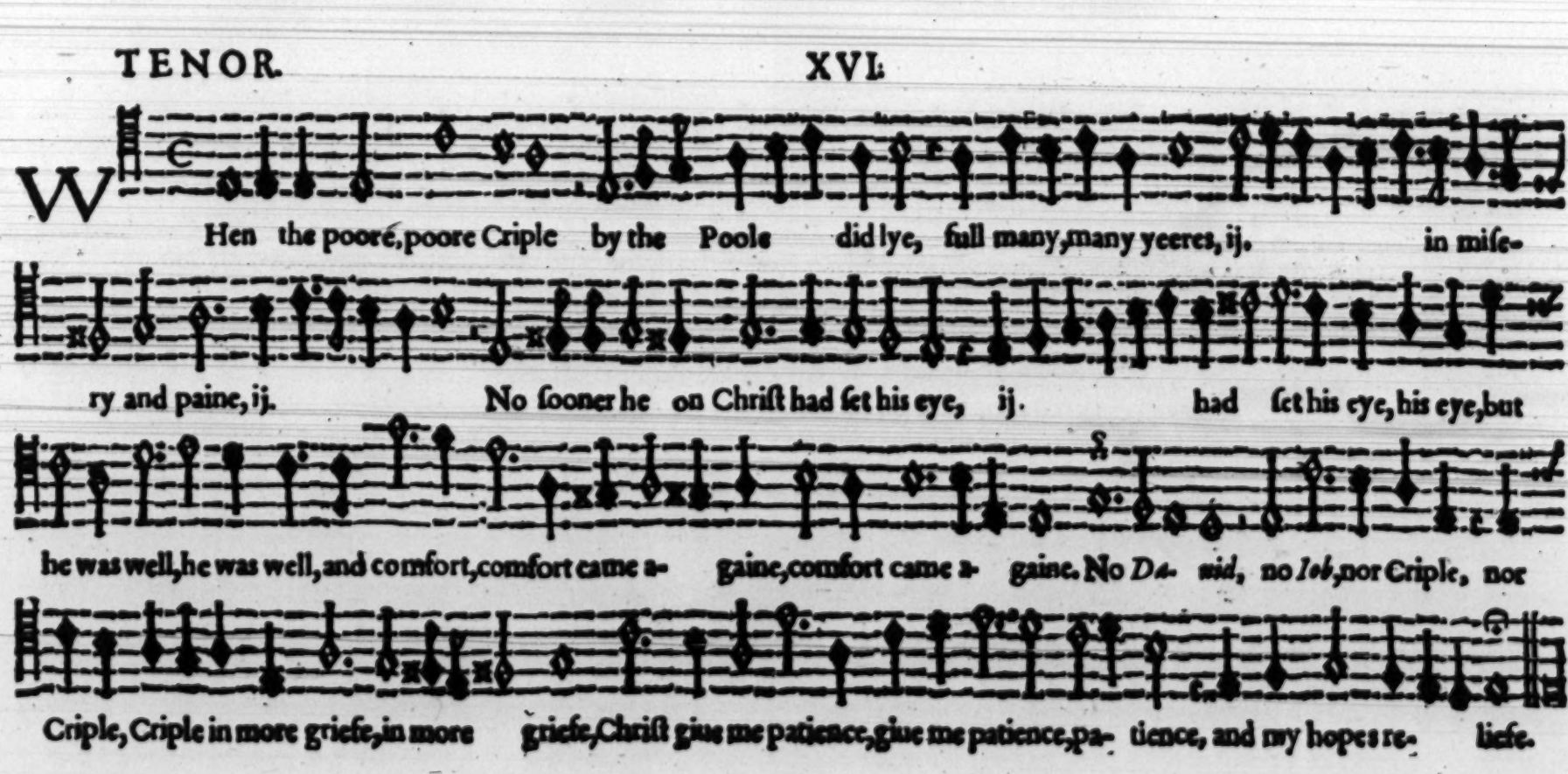
mee patience, patience, and my hopes reliefe, my hopes re- liefe.

BASSVS. XVI.

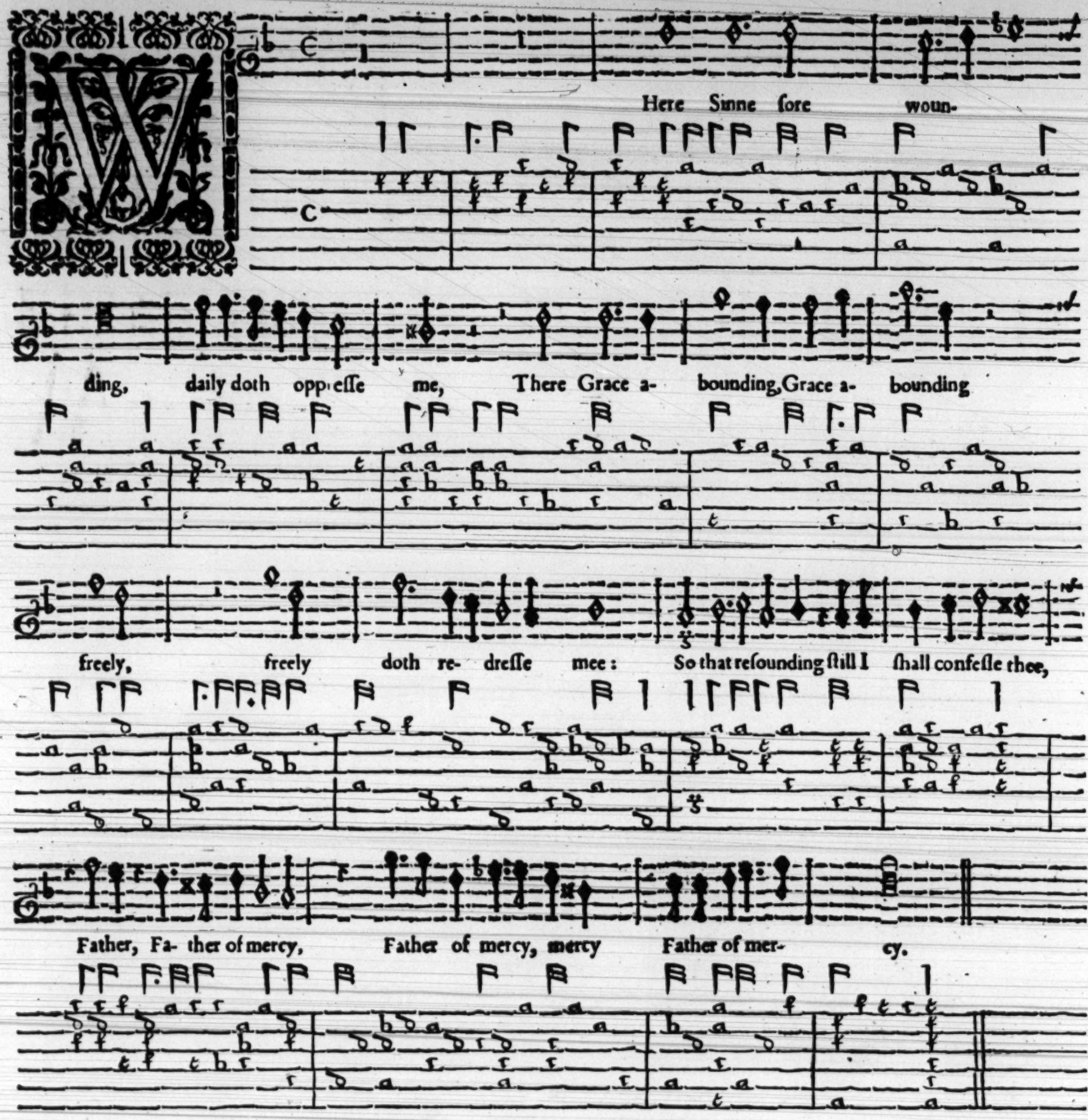


Hen the poore Cri- ple by the Poole did lye, full many yeeres in miſery and paine ,and paine, No ſooner he on Chriſt, on Chriſt had ſet his eye, But hee was well, hee was well,and comfort came againe, and comfort came againe. No *Da- uid, Iob* nor Criple in more griefe, Chriſt giue mee, giue mee pa- tience, Chriſt giue me patience,and my hopes reliefe,

TENOR. XVI.



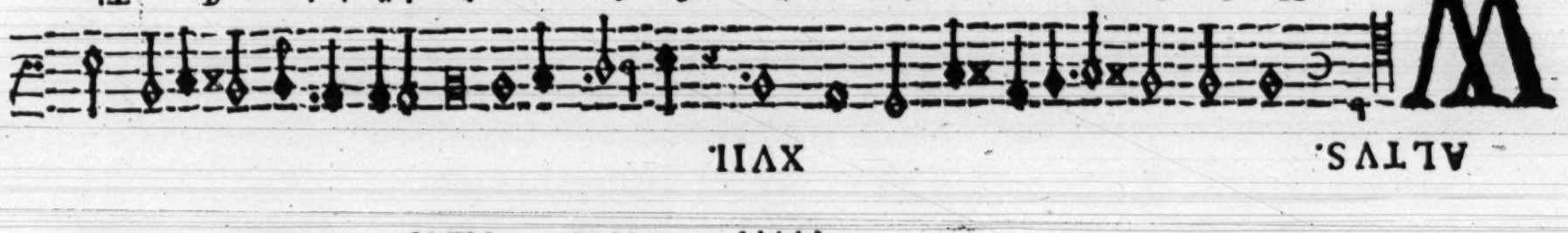
Hen the pooré,poore Criple by the Poole did lye, full many,many yeeres, ij. in miſe- ry and paine, ij. No ſooner he on Chriſt had ſet his eye, ij. had ſet his eye, his eye,but he was well,he was well, and comfort,comfort came a- gaine,comfort came a- gaine. No *Da- uid*, no *Iob*,nor Criple, nor Criple, Criple in more griefe,in more griefe,Chriſt giue me patience,giue me patience,pa- tience, and my hopes re- liefe.



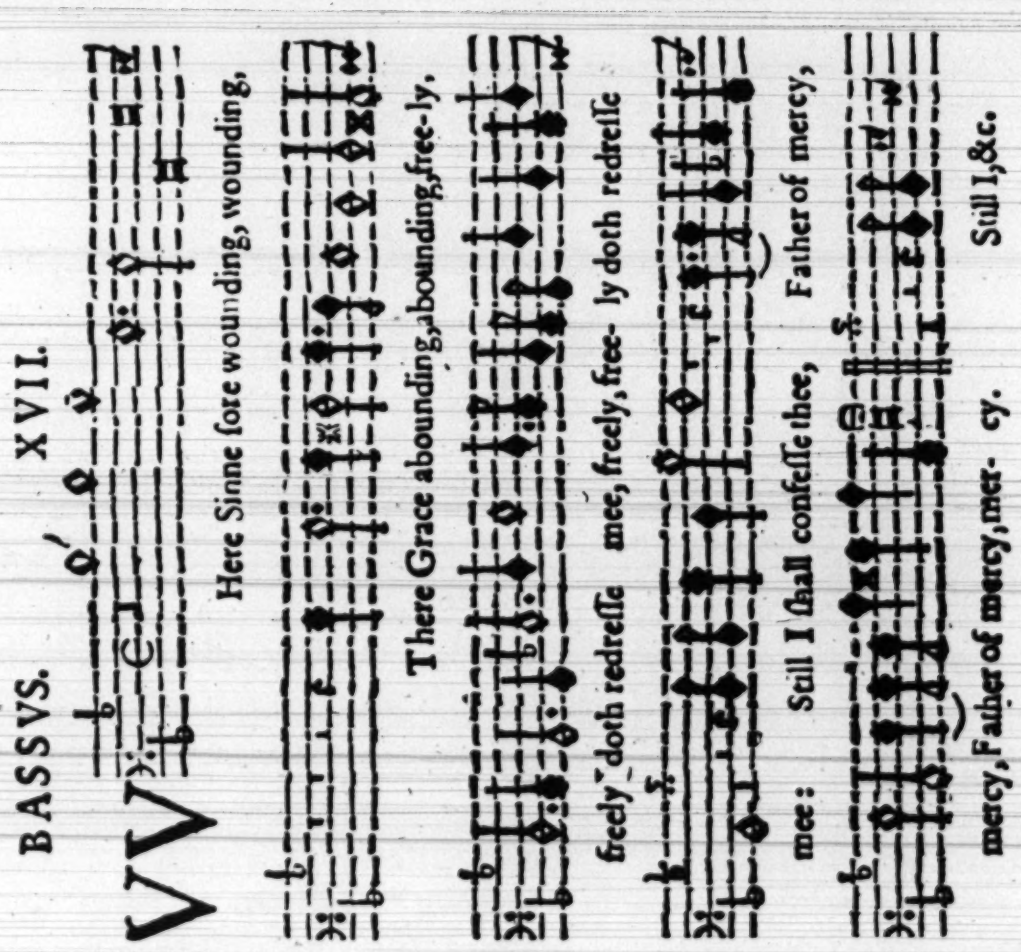
Though Sinne offending daily doth torment mee,
Yet Grace amending, since I doe repent mee,
At my liues ending will I hope present mee
cleare to thy mercy.

The wound Sinne gaue me was of Death assured,
Did not Grace saue mee, whereby it is cured:
So thou wilt haue mee to thy loue invred,
free without merit.
Sinnes stripe is healed, and his sting abated,
Deaths mouth is sealed, and the Graue amated,
Thy Loue revealed, and thy Grace related
giues me this spirit.

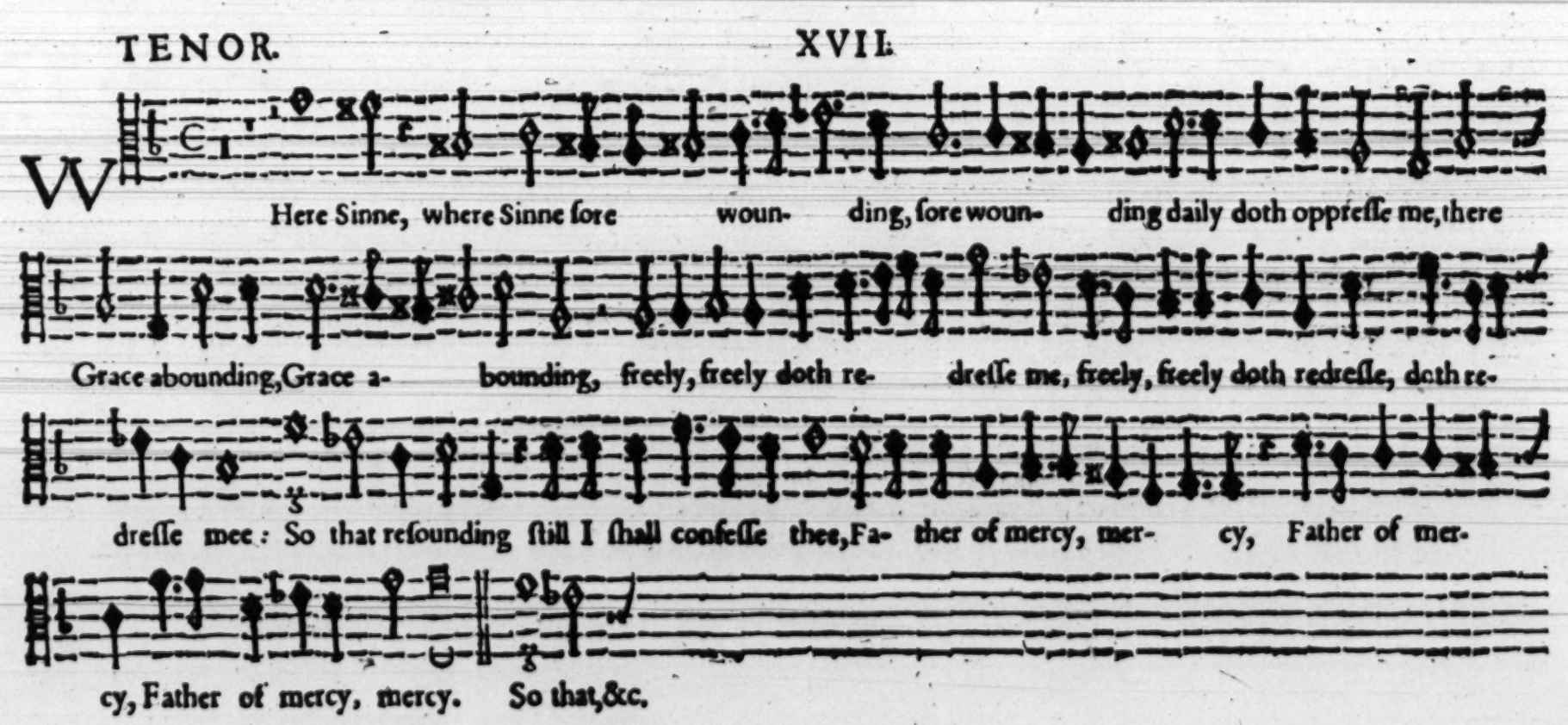
ALTVS. XVII.



BASSVS. XVII.



TENOR. XVII.



MY heart and tongue were twinnes, at once con- ceiued, Th'eldeſt was my

heart, borne dumbe by deſti- nie, The laſt my tongue, of all ſweet thoughts be- rea- ued: Yet

ſtrung and tunde to play hearts har- mo· nie.

Concluſion. Then this be ſure,

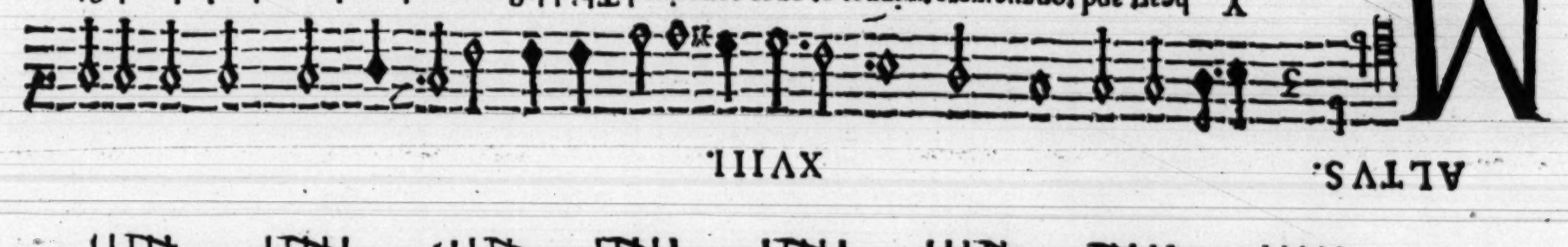
Concluſion.

ſince it is true per- fection, That ney- ther men nor Gods,

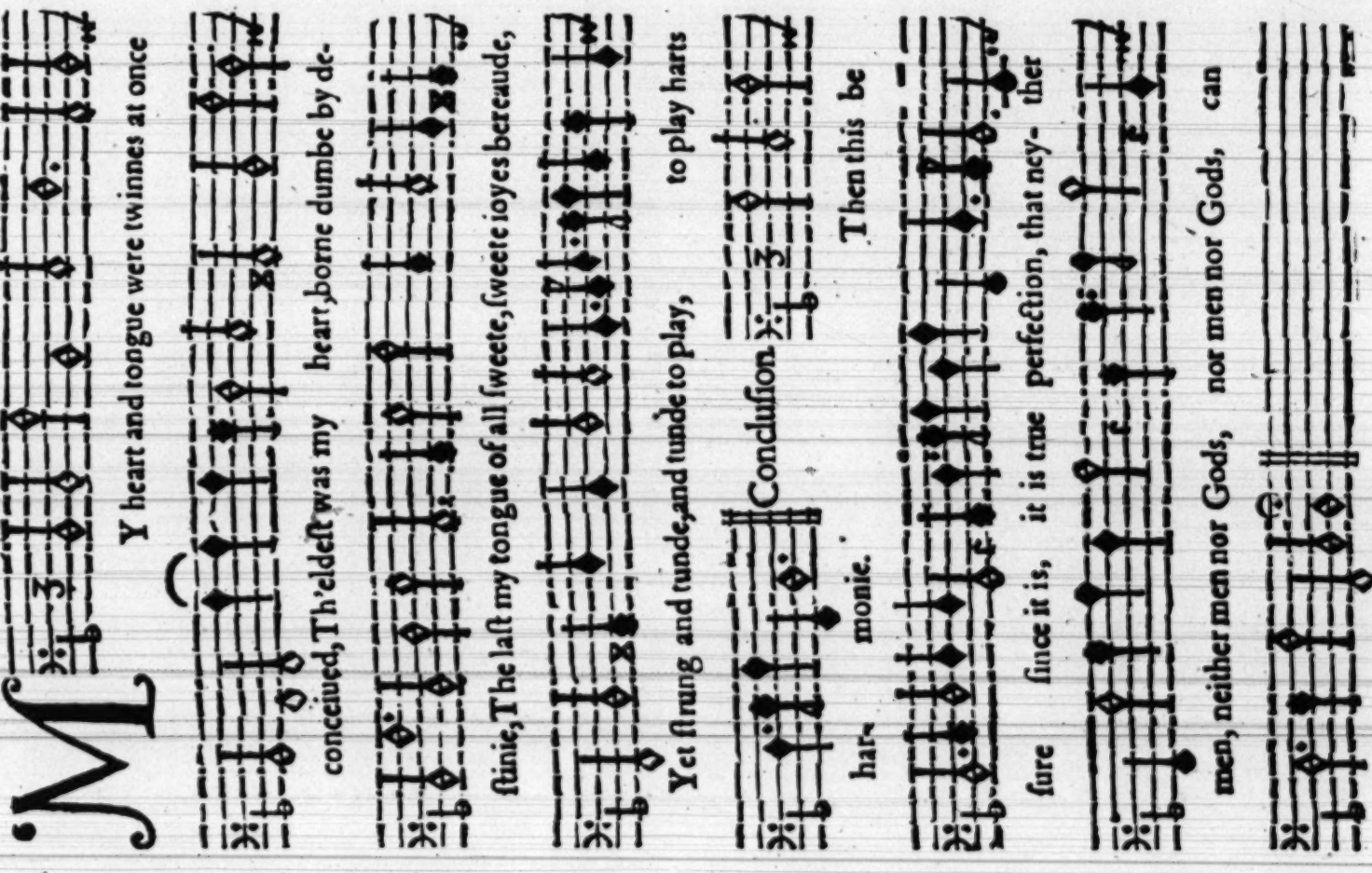
nor Gods can force af- fection.

Both knit in one, and yet a ſunder placed:
what heart would ſpeake the tongue doth ſtill diſcouer.
What tongue doth ſpeake is of the heart embraced,
and both are one to make a new found Louer.
New found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
whoſe wordes are deedes, but wordes, nor deedes regarded.
Chaſte thoughts doe mount and flye with ſwifteſt wings,
my loue with paine, my paine with loſſe rewarded.

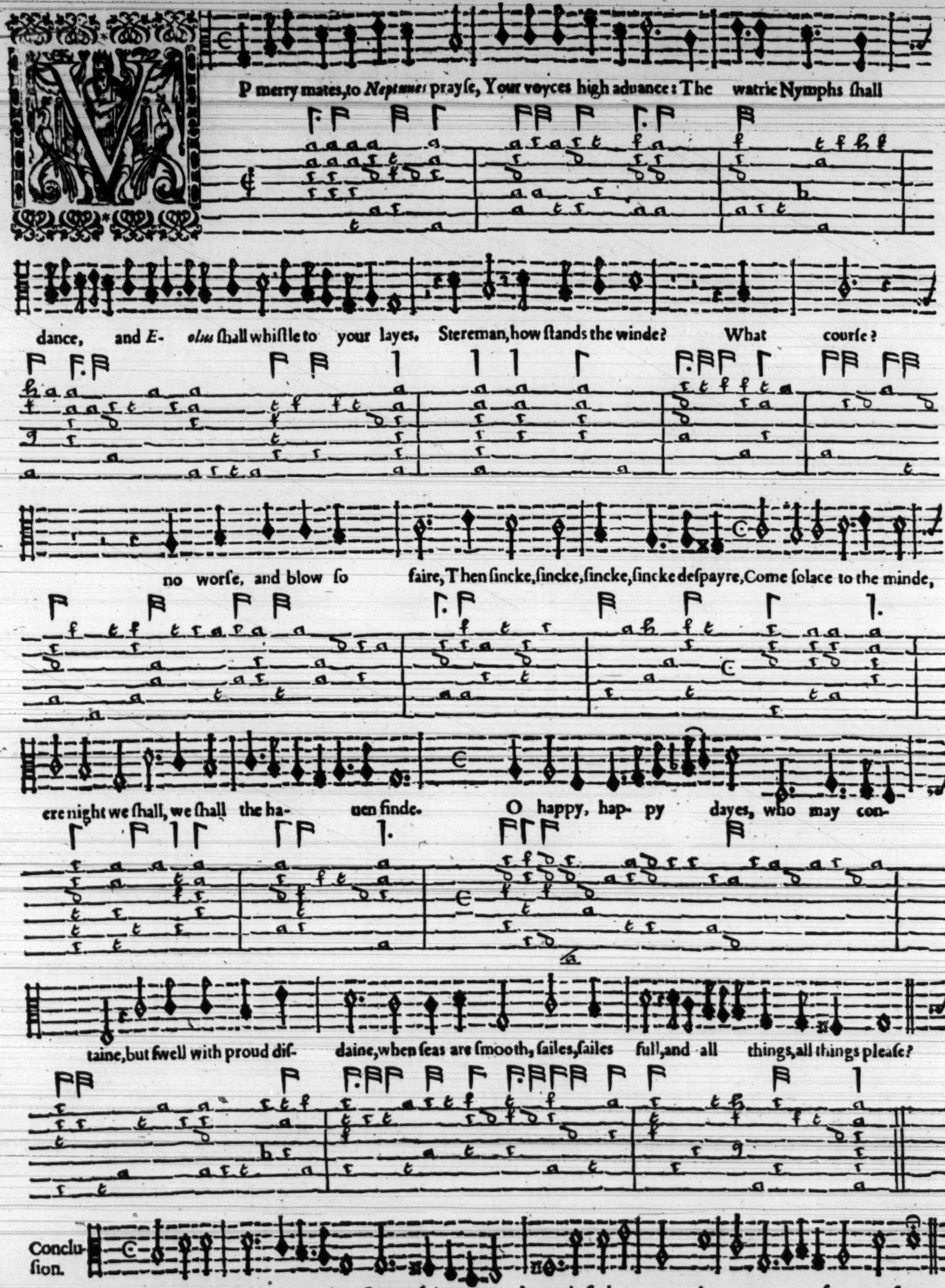
ALTVS. XVIII.

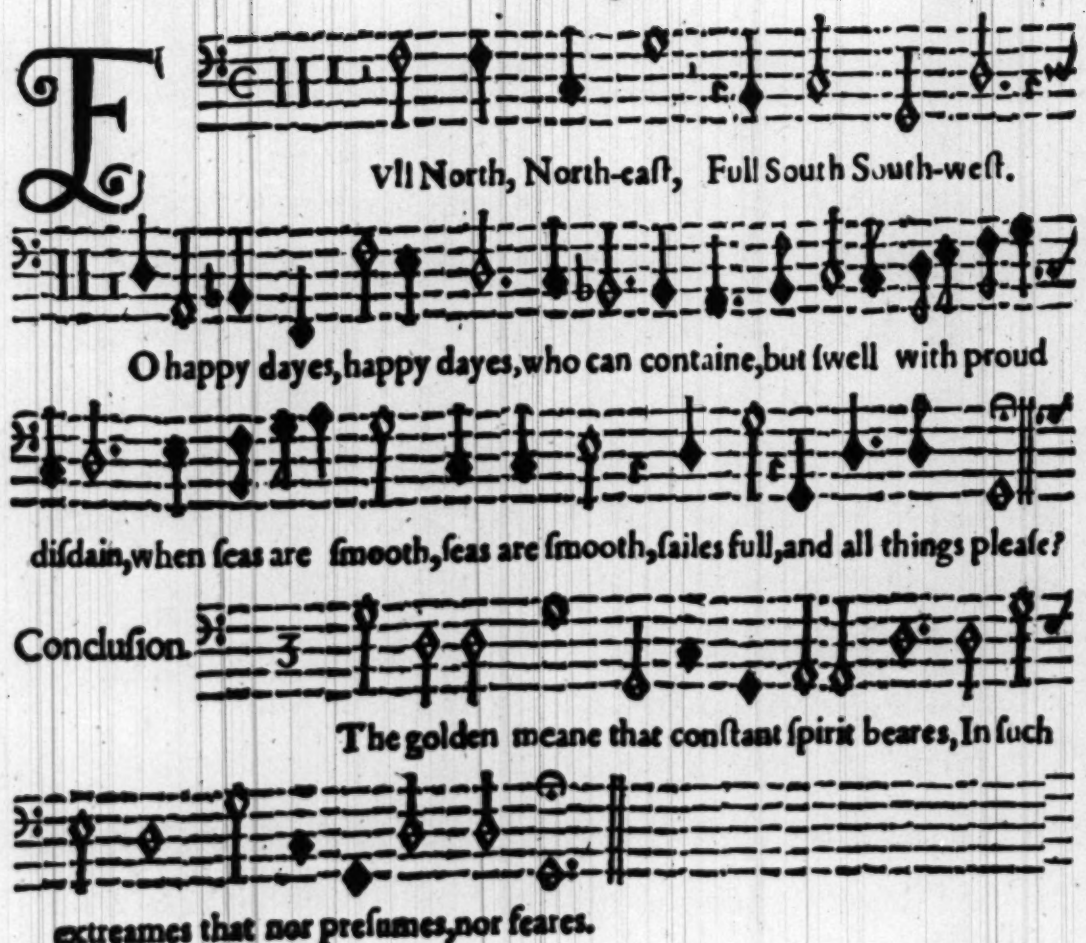


BASSVS. XVIII.

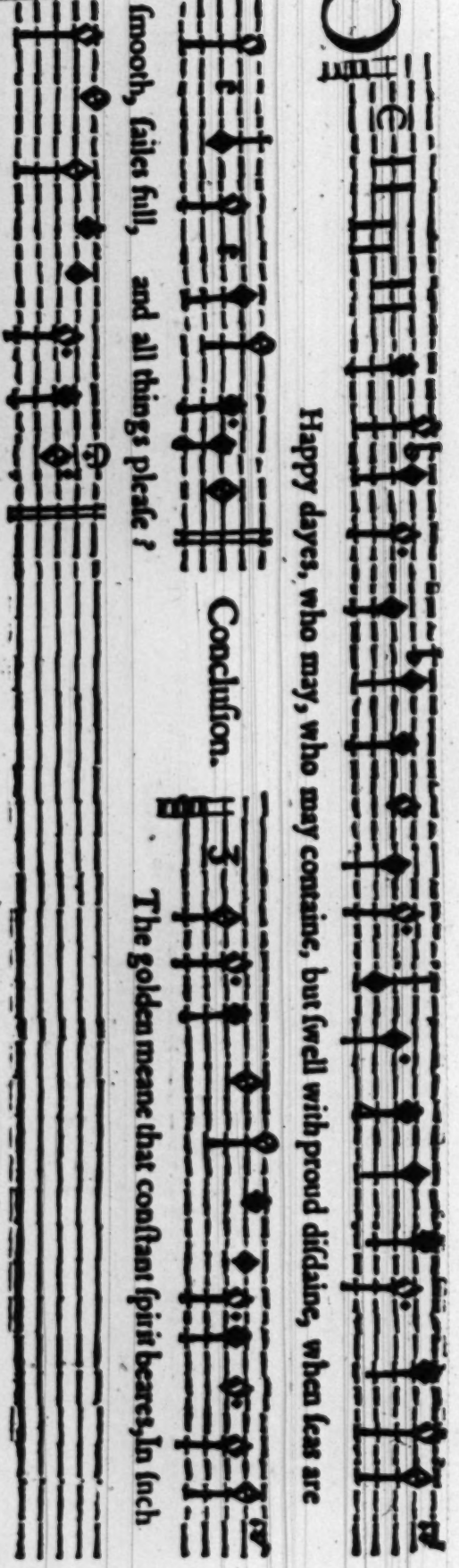


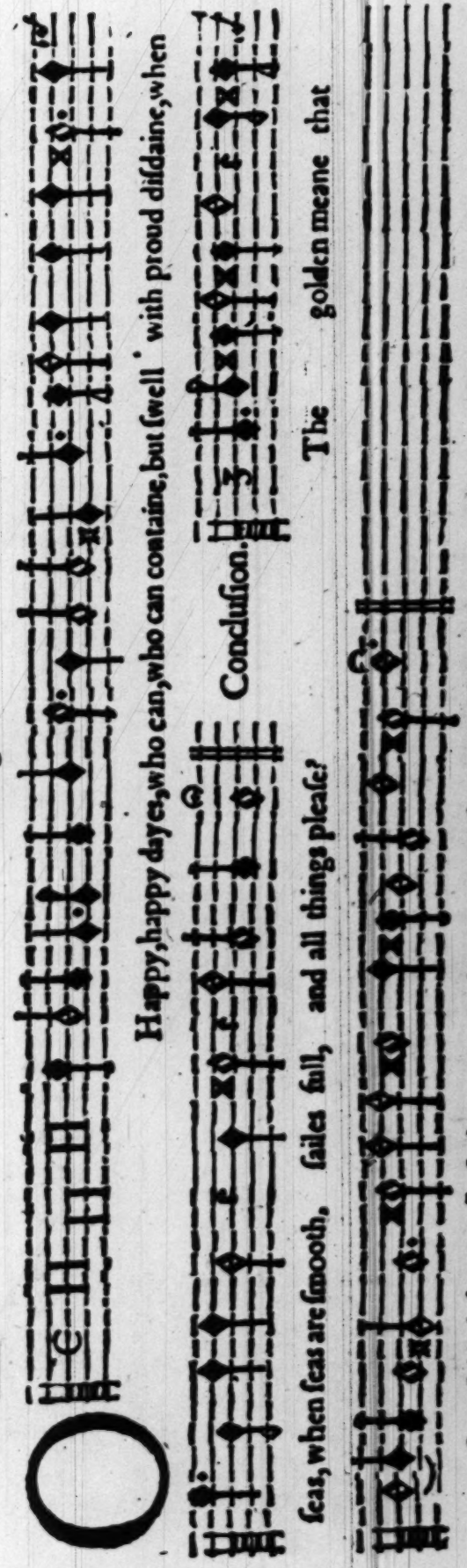
TENOR. XVIII.


P merry mates, to Neptunes prayse, Your voyces high advance: The watrie Nymphs shall
dance, and E- olus shall whistle to your layes. Stereman, how stands the winde? What course?
no worse, and blow so faire, Then sincke, sincke, sincke, sincke despayre, Come solace to the minde,
ere night we shall, we shall the ha- ven finde. O happy, hap- py dayes, who may con-
taine, but swell with proud dis- daine, when seas are smooth, sailes, sailes full, and all things, all things please?
Conclu- sion.
The golden meane that con- stant spi- rit beares, in such ex- treams that nor pre- sumes nor feares.
Conclu- sion.



Stay merry mates, proud *Neptune* lowres,
Your voyces all deplore you,
The Nymphes stand weeping o're you:
And *Eolus* and *Iris* bandy showres.
Mr. Boates man hale in the Boate.
S. Harke, harke the ratlings,
M. 'Tis haile.
S. Make fast the tacklings.
M. Strike saile.
Make quicke dispatches,
Shut close the hatches.
Hold sterne, cast Ancour out,
This night we shall at randome floate.
O dismall houres,
Who can forbeare,
But sinke with sad despaire.
When seas are rough, sailes rent, and each thing lowres.





CANTVS primus: XX.

Chorus.

H

Hymen, O *Hymen*, myne of treasures more di- vine, what di-e-tie is like to thee, that freest from morta-li-tie.

CANTVS secundus. XX.

El- come, wel- come black night *Hymens* faire day, help, help, help *Hymen* Loues due debt to

pay, Loues due debt is chaste de- light. which if the turtles, the turtles, the Turtles want to night,

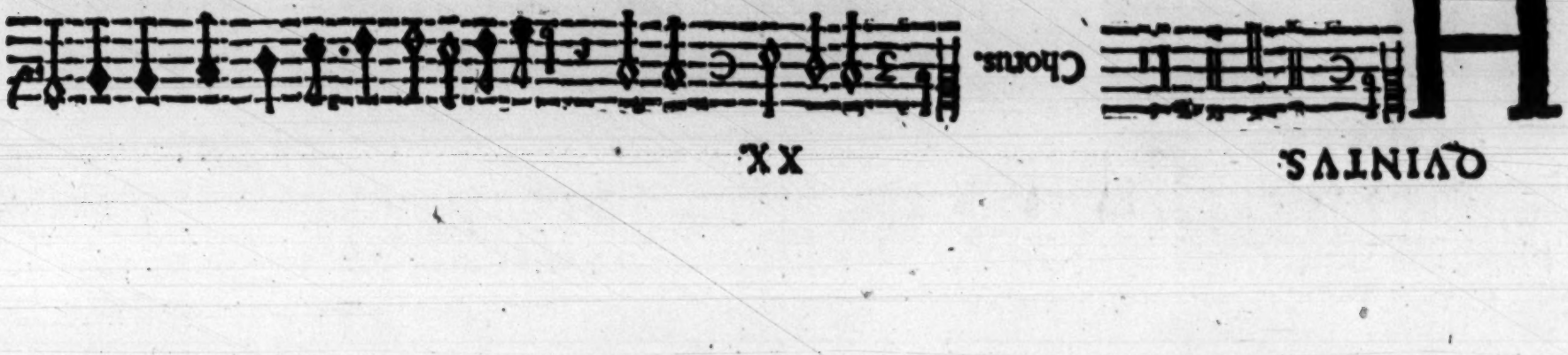
Hy-men forfets his Di- e- tie, and night in loue, in loue her dignitie, Help, help blacke night *Hymens*

faire day, Help *Hymen*, ij. Loues due debt to pay

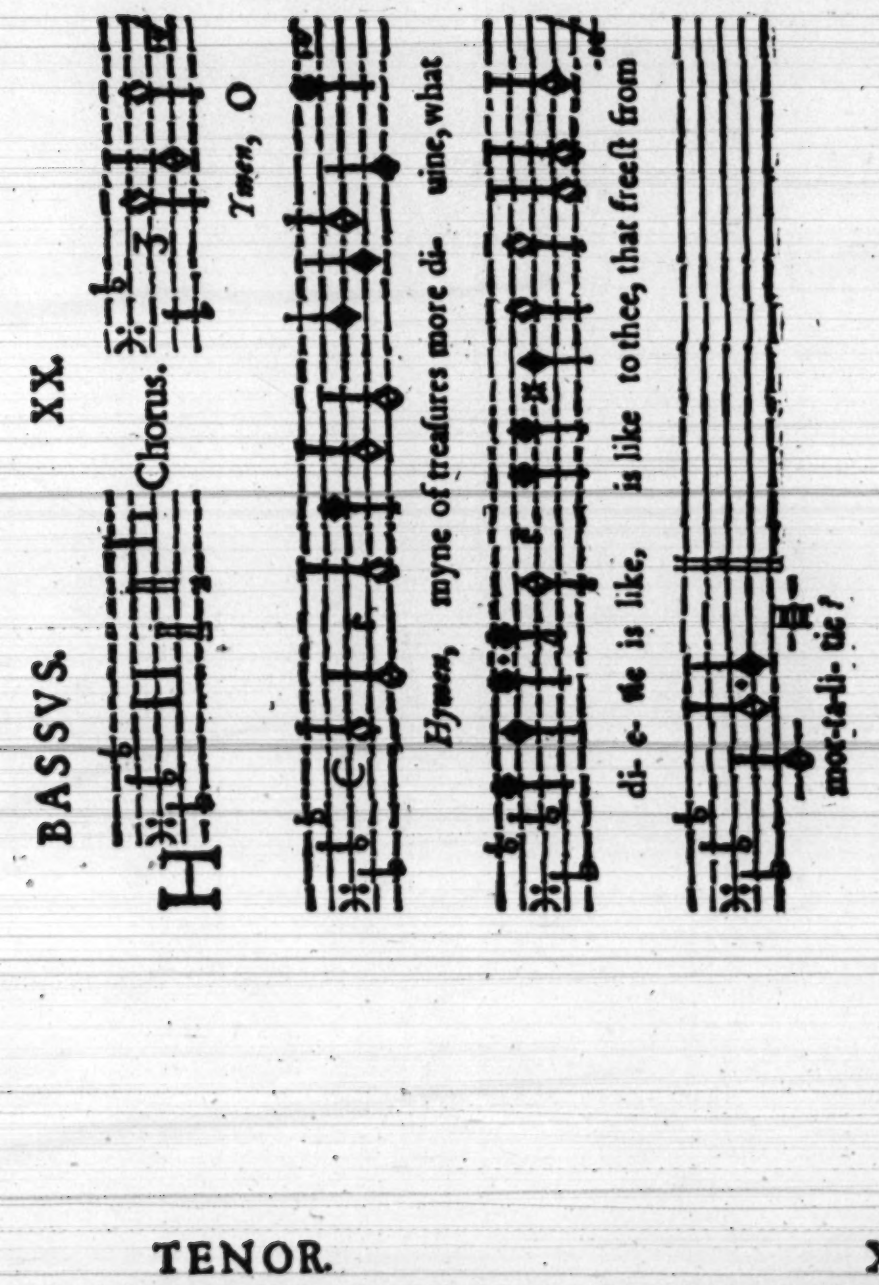
Chorus.

Hymen, O *Hymen* myne of treasures more diuine, what di- e-tie is like to thee that freest from mor- ta- li- tie.

QVINTVS. XX.

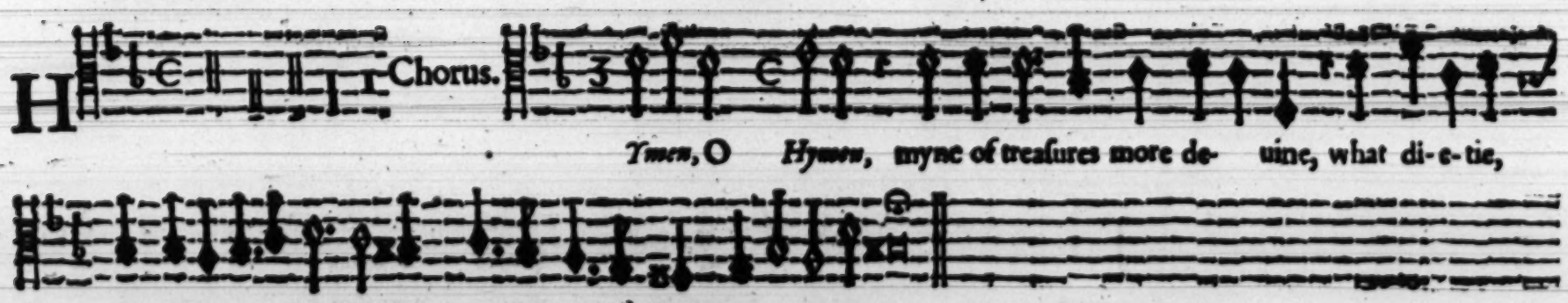


BASSVS. XX.

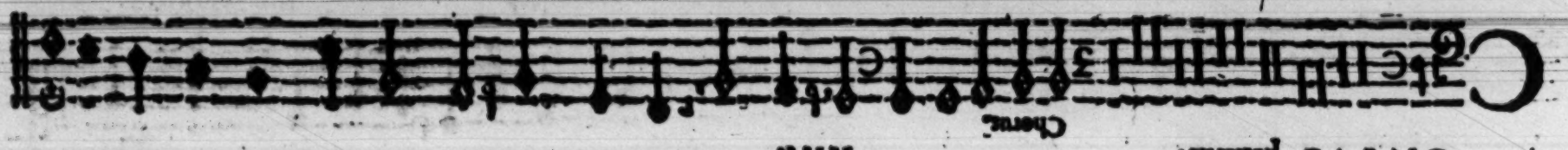


Stay (happy paire) ſtay but a while,
Hymen comes not, loue to beguile,
Theſe ſports are alluring baites,
And ſweete are to Loues ſweeteſt Cates:
Longing hope doth no hurt but this,
It heightens Loues attained bliſſe.
Then ſtay (moſt happie) ſtay a while,
Hymen comes not, Loue to beguile.

TENOR. XX.

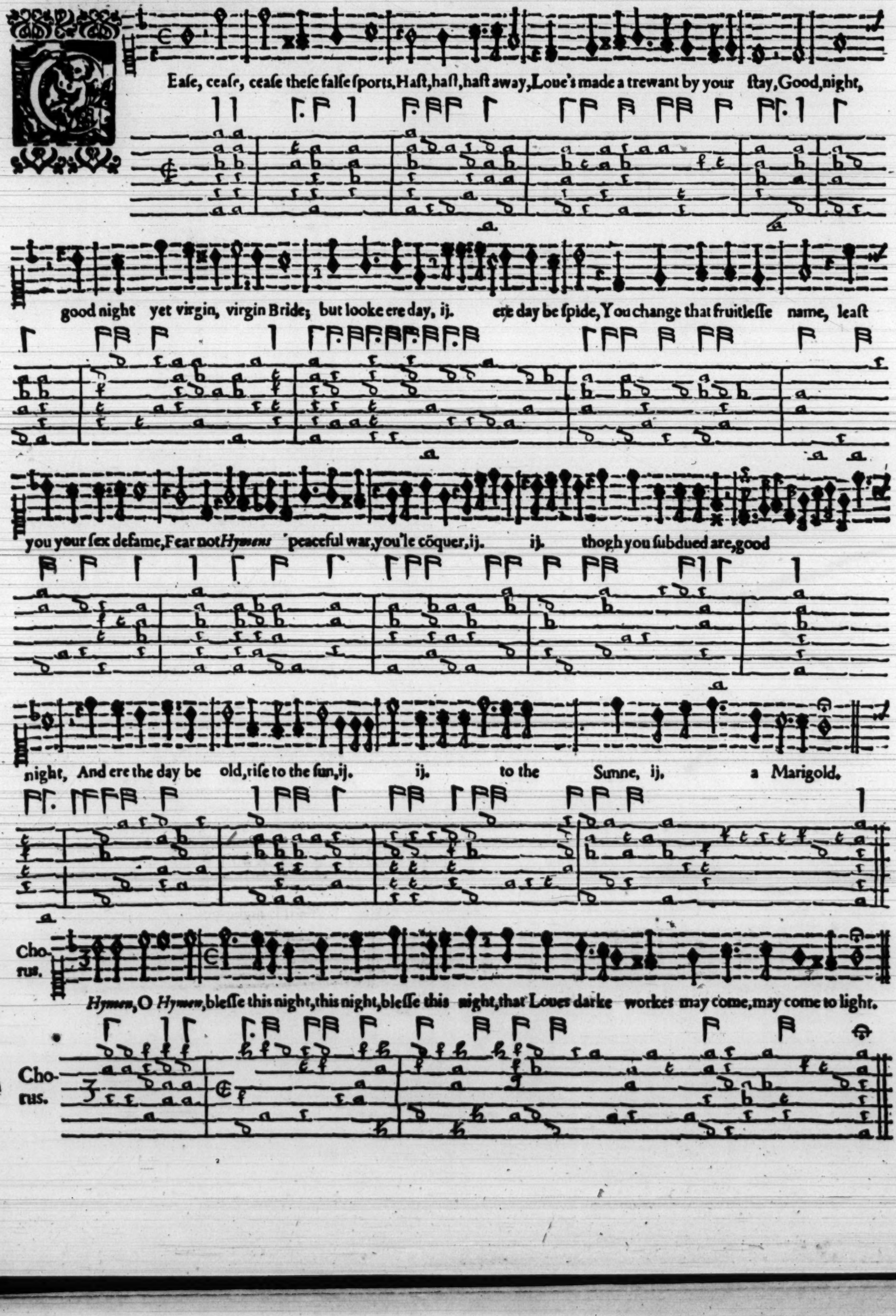


CANTVS primus. XXI.

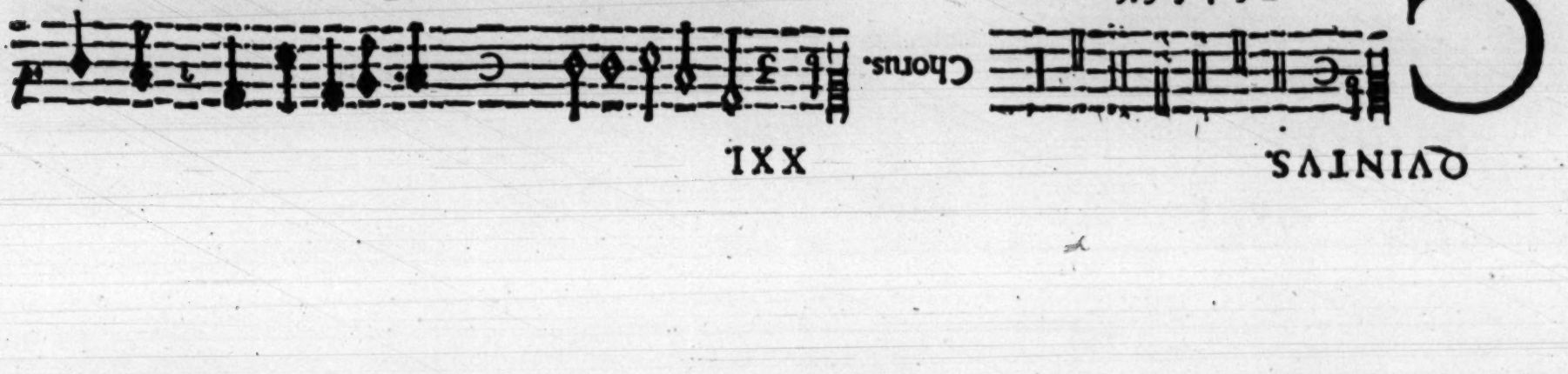


Eaſe, &c. *Hymen*, O *Hymen*, bleſſe this night, that Loues darke worke, loues darke worke may come to light.

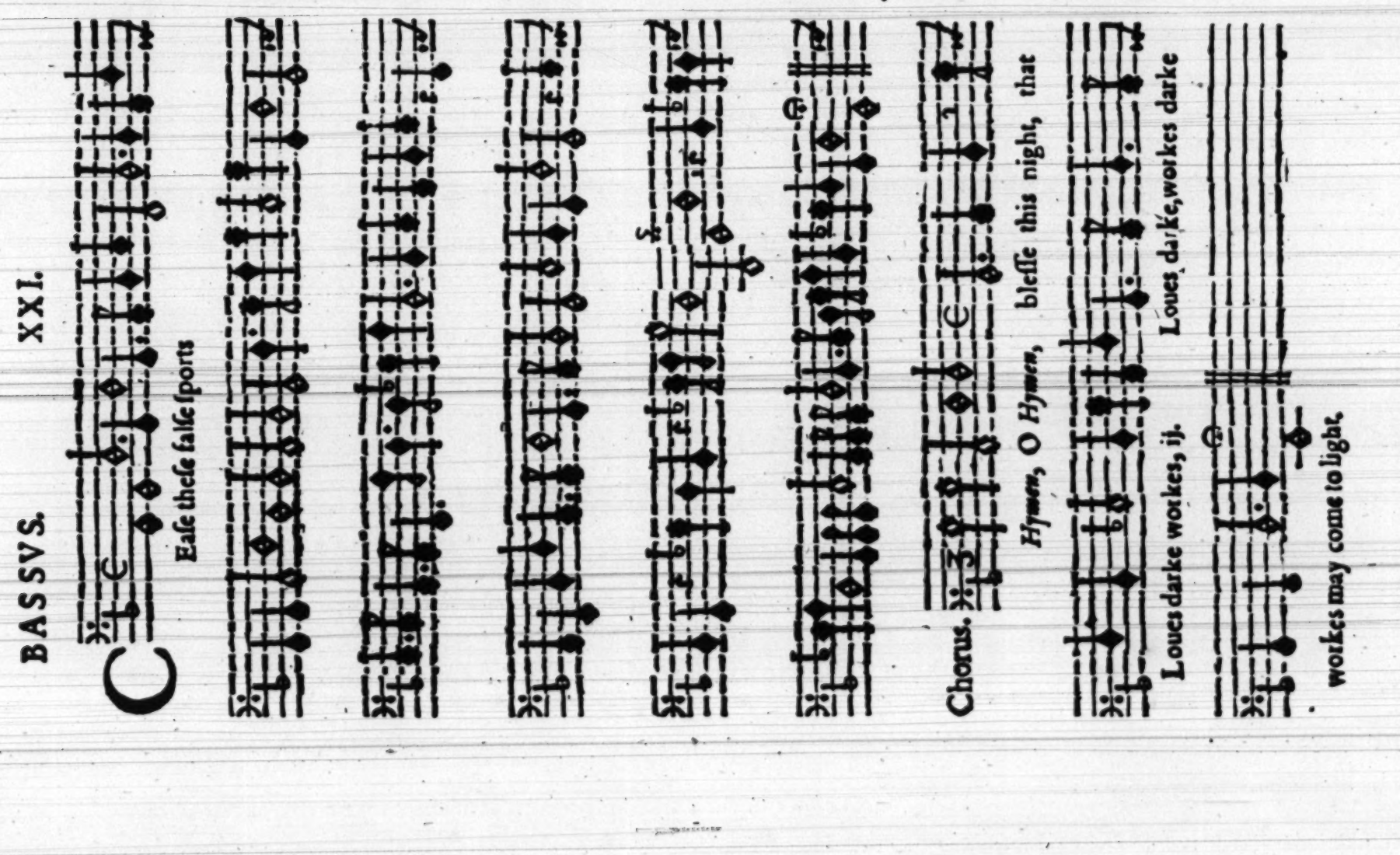
CANTVS ſecundus. XXI.



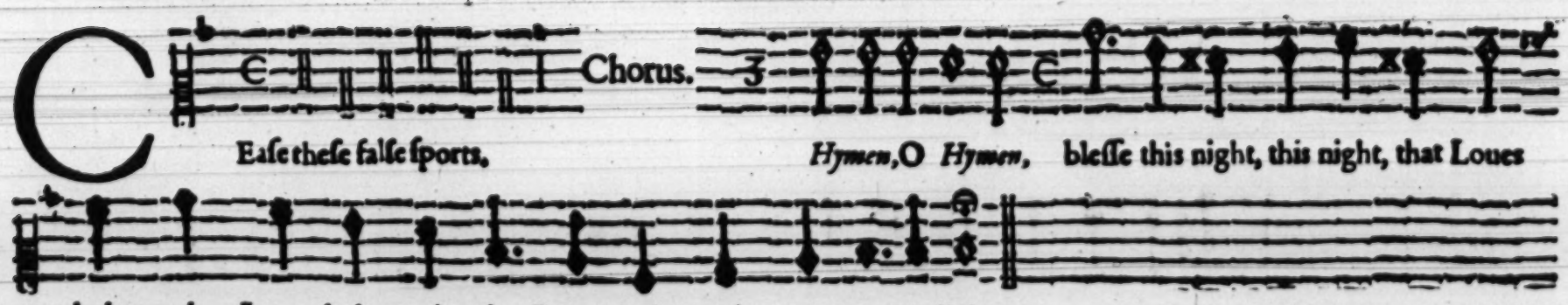
QVINTVS. XXI.



BASSVS. XXI.



TENOR. XXI.



Galliard to *Lachrima.*

FINIS.

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